THE MILITARY'S NEW CLOSET—THE EDITORS

AUGUST 9, 1993 · $2.95

THE NEW REPUBLIC

POX POPULI

Perotism Past
Sean Wilentz

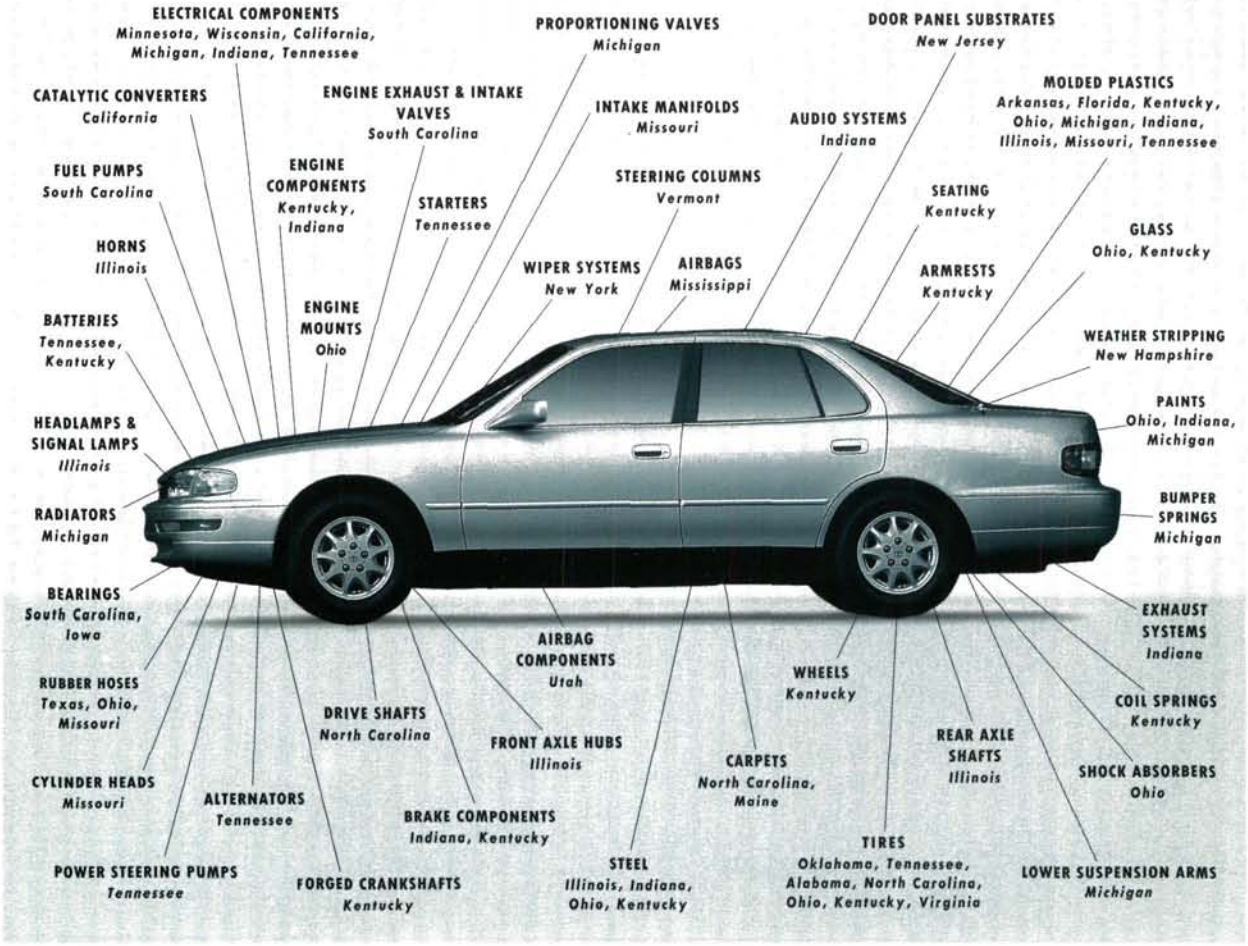
Perotism Present
Fred Barnes

R. GROSSMAN

#BXBKDML******5-DIGIT 94301
#9430 1UZZ555BY003# NNRE 258
RON K UNZ 022894 DIR
555 BRYANT ST #371 CNG
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1700

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WE BUY THE BEST PARTS in the world,



© 1995 Toyota Motor Corporate Services of North America, Inc.

no matter WHICH STATE THEY'RE FROM.

EVERY Camry manufactured at our $2 billion Georgetown, Kentucky plant is made with U.S. parts purchased from 174 of our over 390 American suppliers. At Toyota we're committed to investing in the economies where we do business. That's why, since 1988, we've increased our purchasing of U.S. made parts by 357% to over $4 billion per year. *INVESTING IN THE THINGS WE ALL CARE ABOUT.* **TOYOTA**

For information on Toyota in America write Toyota Motor Corporate Services, 9 West 57th Street, Suite 4900, New York, NY 10019.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

AUGUST 9, 1993

FOUNDED 1914
WASHINGTON, D.C.
ISSUE 4,099

Editor-in-Chief and Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
ANDREW SULLIVAN

Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER

Executive Editor
DAVID SHIPLEY

Senior Editors
FRED BARNES, ANN HULBERT, MICKEY KAUS, MICHAEL KINSLEY, MICHAEL LEWIS, JACOB WEISBERG, ROBERT WRIGHT

Managing Editor
WESTON KOSOVA

Editor, New Republic Books (Basic Books)
PETER EDIDIN

Films
STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Theater
ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Poetry
MARY JO SALTER

Art
MARK STEVENS

Legal Affairs
JEFFREY ROSEN

Dance
MINDY ALOFF

Contributing Editors
ELIOT A. COHEN, ROBERT COLES, STANLEY CROUCH, JAMES K. GLASSMAN, ANNA HUSARSKA, JOHN B. JUDIS, MORTON KONDRACKE, CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER, VINT LAWRENCE, LOUIS MENAND, ADAM MICHNIK, JONATHAN RIEDER, ROGER ROSENBLATT, MAGGIE SCARF, ROBERT SHAPIRO, RONALD STEEL, E.V. THAW, TOM TOLES, TATYANA TOLSTAYA, MICHAEL WALZER, DOROTHY WICKENDEN, C. VANN WOODWARD

Associate Managing Editor
LEONA HIRAOKA

Design Coordinator
ERIC BAKER

Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY

Assistant to the Editors
JUNE HALEY

Assistant Literary Editor
ALEXANDER STAR

Production Director
BRUCE STEINKE

Assistant Production Manager
ANGELINA HAN

Copy Editor
SUZAN REVAH

Reporter-Researchers
PETER BEINART, DANIEL CHOI, HANNA W. ROSIN, RUTH SHALIT

President
JEFFREY L. DEARTH

Publisher
JOAN M. STAPLETON

Associate Publisher-Marketing
PAUL J. VIZZA

Associate Publisher-Circulation
PEGGY JARVIS FERRIN

Controller
JEAN GANDY

Acting Advertising Director
LISA THOMAS

Director of Joint Advertising Sales
JAMES J. McCABE

Accounting Manager
CHRISTINA R. OVERHOLSER

Circulation Manager
CECELIA M. STEPHENS

Advertising Assistant
DIANE M. SEBOLD

Accounting Assistant
JACQUELYN M. PASCALE

Circulation Assistant
DEBORAH B. WEST

Back Issues and Reception
CAROLYN PARHAM

Cover by Robert Grossman for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Articles on pages 10 and 29.

4 **CORRESPONDENCE** Our rich diversity industry, Rhodies stab back &c.

6 **MICHAEL KINSLEY** TRB: CLINTON'S TROUBLE What you got wrong while I was away.

7 **THE EDITORS** LIGHT IN THE CLOSET In defense of Clinton's compromise.

8 **NOTEBOOK** New York Police Commissioner Brown's upward failure &c.

9 **LIESL SCHILLINGER** MOSCOW POSTCARD: DEVUSHKI! Sexual harassment, in Russian.

10 **FRED BARNES** LOVING TOO MUCH The eerie Republican alliance with Perot.

11 **JACOB WEISBERG** TORCH SONG STRATEGY Can the gay movement now grow up please?

14 **S. J. HAMRICK** AIDEED IT MY WAY Will the Somali warlord win?

15 **PETER BEINART** TOUGH LOVE America's black leaders meet the other Africa.

16 **JOHN B. JUDIS** FLAT PANEL FLOP A case study in how not to manage trade.

21 **CHALMERS JOHNSON** THE TREMOR Last week's elections in Japan were more ominous cold war fallout, as America's LDP proxies gave up the ghost.

28 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ON FILMS: NATIONAL GUARD Clint Eastwood works his alchemy in *In the Line of Fire.*

29 **SEAN WILENTZ** POX POPULI The corrupt populist pedigree of Ross Perot.

35 **PAUL BERMAN** PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ *The Night Manager* by John le Carré.

38 **JED PERL** AMONG THE SACRED MONSTERS *Picasso and Dora* by James Lord

40 **EAMON GRENNAN** POEM *What Doesn't Happen*

42 **ANNA HUSARSKA** SARAJEVO DIARIST: PURE WIND

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 209, Number 6, Issue 4,099, August 9, 1993. (Printed in the U.S. on July 21, 1993.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 4 & 11, July 19 & 26, Aug. 23 & 30, and Sept. 20 & 27, 1993) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. The New Republic/National Review joint advertising (212) 702-4882. Yearly subscriptions, $69.97; foreign, $99.97; Canada, $84.97. Back issues, $3.50 (includes postage & handling).

© 1993 by The New Republic, Inc.

(ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Microform, CD-ROM, issue and article copies are available through University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone 1-800-521-0600. Internet mail address: TNR@aol.com. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscribers: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 602, Mount Morris, IL 61054. For subscription problems call 800-827-1289.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Rich diversity

To the editors:

Heather MacDonald has managed to write a superficial and cynical article about the diversity industry ("The Diversity Industry," July 5). In attempting to ridicule valuing diversity, she fails to understand the underlying concepts. Differences may be interpreted as evidence of incompetence. It was long felt that small, soft-spoken women couldn't be orthopedic surgeons, but I personally know several who have belied those assumptions. People with accents can't be in customer service, gay men don't make good managers, Asians are good technicians but do poorly in sales, black women can't excel in scientific occupations—these are all stereotypes that are currently in place and are making it more difficult for people to achieve their best. Only by acknowledging these assumptions can we challenge them.

The fact that diversity consulting has become a lucrative business does not detract from the validity of the underlying concepts. As in any area, there are good consultants and bad consultants, those who give value and those who are out to take advantage of the market. Good trainers do attempt to make safe situations where employees can learn about subtle, internalized and institutionalized bias. Good trainers do not humiliate people. The existence of bad trainers does not negate the importance of the concepts.

Most diversity workers understand that one can only require employees to alter their *behavior* in the workplace. The employer cannot insist on an attitude change. If an employee wants to make racist or homophobic remarks at home, that is his or her prerogative. If we believe in the value of education, perhaps the attitude change will come later.

Census data indicate rapidly changing demographics in this country. Different types of employees are entering corporations at a rapid pace. Valuing diversity work may help decrease turnover rates, increase employee satisfaction, increase creativity and productivity. Many businesses are finding ways to measure the impact of this culture change. While MacDonald may have valid criticisms about the "diversity industry," your readers would have been better served with a more balanced analysis of the philosophy and history behind valuing diversity.

PATRICIA L. DAWSON
Seattle, Washington

To the editors:

If doing diversity work helps multi-billion-dollar corporations treat people better, if it helps them become more capable of dealing with a changing world, if it is about managing for greater complexity and understanding in one's life and work and if it releases the human energies that are constrained by their own policies and practices—then perhaps it is a good investment not only for the companies but also for society as a whole.

HARRIS SUSSMAN
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the editors:

The "diversity industry" sounds to me like the "re-education" programs for reactionaries and hooligans in the former USSR, the Chinese Cultural Revolution and Vietnam. Their programs, however, were provided free by their governments—they did not cost $10,000 a day.

ESTHER KRISMAN
Los Angeles, California

Close nexus

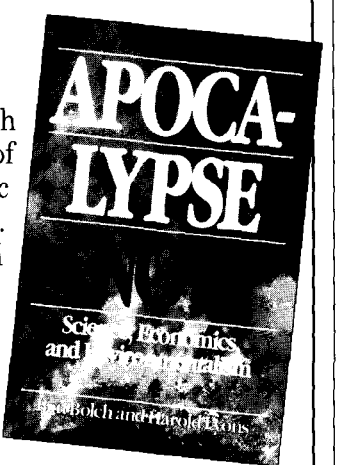
To the editors:

We take issue with Jeffrey Rosen's sweeping condemnation of the Supreme Court's recent hate crimes decision ("Bad Thoughts," July 5). His assertion that as a result of the breadth of the Court's opinion "the Anti-Defamation League no longer has an incentive to distinguish constitutional laws from clearly unconstitutional laws" unfairly maligns both the Court and the ADL.

Far from displaying indifference to the First Amendment, the Court's short, unequivocal opinion indicates that the justices found this case quite easy: the Wisconsin statute is clearly constitutional. That statute, like laws in more than two dozen other states, is based on an ADL model hate crime bill that requires a close nexus between the crime and the selection of a victim on the basis of that person's status—a classic means of combating discrimination. Notwithstanding the parade of horribles Rosen employs in an effort to show how prosecutors could abuse these statutes, neither the Supreme Court nor the ADL has ever sanctioned the punishment of "racial attitudes" or "bad thoughts."

The fact is that the ADL and other supporters of hate crime legislation have every incentive to promote laws that can survive constitutional scrutiny—out of respect for the First Amendment and to help ensure successful prosecutions. The

What is likely to kill off the human race first? Overpopulation? Global warming? Ozone depletion? Chemicals and insecticides?



Would you believe none of these?
Drawing on scientific evidence, Ben Bolch and Harold Lyons show that the prophets of apocalyptic doom mislead and scare the public with their warnings of impending catastrophes. *Apocalypse Not* debunks the alleged global threats to mankind, as well as the scares about asbestos and radon. It fosters respect for calm, objective science, while showing that the doomsday lobbyists exploit ignorance and incite hysteria. 139 pp./cloth $19.95/paper $10.95

1000 Massachusetts Ave., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20001

CATO INSTITUTE

Available at bookstores or call toll free **1-800-767-1241**
(noon-9:00 p.m. Eastern time, Monday-Friday)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADL will continue to support hate crime penalty-enhancement legislation at the state and federal level. Whether we encourage states to track Wisconsin's language or continue to promote our own slightly broader model bill, the Court's unanimous opinion clearly signals that the choice is between approaches that are both constitutional.

MEYER EISENBERG
Anti-Defamation League
New York, New York

To the editors:

Jeffrey Rosen may or may not be correct in criticizing the Court for a "profoundly superficial" opinion in the Wisconsin hate crimes decision. But when he discusses the already murky distinctions between expression and conduct, he muddies the waters much as he claims the justices have done. He praises the Wisconsin law's "formal neutrality" because it eschews motive to focus on victims selected on the basis of race. He hopes for a world in which you can think what you want, you just can't demonstrate discrimination. But isn't discrimination a question of intent? If no words had been spoken in the Wisconsin case, how would we know whether the white victim had been chosen at random or because of his skin color? The Wisconsin law is not fundamentally different from alternative wordings like Charles Schumer's, it is only more narrow. Rosen dismisses Schumer's bill off-handedly, but by targeting crimes with "prejudiced" motivations, Schumer's wording would cover all the same instances of "discriminatory intentions" described in the Wisconsin law.

Rosen is correct to worry about "First Amendment concerns," but I wish he hadn't simply worsened the confusion.

BRUCE K. NICHOLS
New York, New York

No save get

To the editors:

While Congress is an easy target, I am pleased to tell you we are way ahead of Stephen Rodrick's suggestion on video teleconferencing ("Bored Room," July 5). We have begun a pilot video teleconferencing project, and the Committee on Science, Space and Technology held five domestic and international hearings bringing in witnesses via this technology in 1992. This year we have broadened the capability of video teleconferencing by installing fiber optic cable in six hearing rooms so that my colleagues on Armed Services, Agriculture, Education and Labor, and Energy and Commerce as well as Foreign Affairs may take advantage of this growing technology.

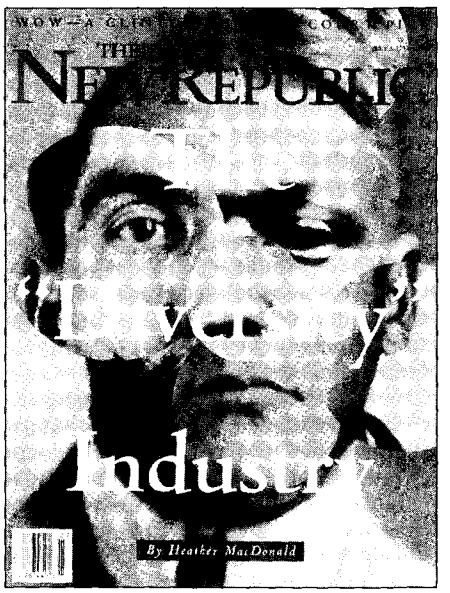
We agree with Rodrick's suggestion that the hearing process can be improved and widened to include a broader range of witnesses, decrease travel and increase American presence overseas—without missing a vote. Our hearings are open to the public. We invite you back to Capitol Hill to witness the process for yourself.

GEORGE E. BROWN JR.
Co-Chair, Speaker's Task Force on Video Teleconferencing
Chairman, Committee on Science, Space and Technology
Washington, D.C.

Chihuahua channeling

To the editors:

In his review of my and Rebecca Seiferle's translations of César Vallejo's *Trilce* ("Through a Verse Darkly," July 12), Christopher Maurer makes some factual errors (based on information correctly noted in my book), a couple of mean-spirited remarks and offers an incoherent collage of quotations, to which I would like to respond.



He writes that Vallejo's father died during "Vallejo's early life in Peru." Francisco de Paula Vallejo Benites actually died in 1924, a year after the poet, at 32, left Peru for Europe.

Maurer also states that both *Los heraldos negros* and *Trilce* were published in 1922. The former book bears a publication date of 1918, but appeared in the middle of 1919.

Maurer mentions that my and Seiferle's translations of *Trilce* are the first complete versions in English. This is also incorrect: the first complete version, by David Smith, was published by Mushinsha-Grossman in 1973.

Maurer writes that my "Notes to the Translation" are "self-centered." What could he possibly mean? He does not explain. These twenty-seven pages of Notes pertain strictly to Vallejo's text, while summarizing and extending all of the Spanish-language glossaries to date on *Trilce*. Why would Maurer deprecate in this way what is obviously painstaking scholarship? Did I sit on his pet chihuahua in a former life?

At another point, he refers to my "unbearable prattle about 'Vallejo's foetal life.'" If I had chained him to his computer and serenaded him in baby Incan for a semester, "unbearable prattle" would seem apt. Actually, his crack is based on material that comes up in my attempt to get beyond the traditional and, to my mind, simplistic and probably erroneous interpretations of the book's title word, "trilce," for which I have discovered a significant amount of evidence in the text itself (as well as in an early version of poem XXXII). While Maurer does not mention my work in this regard, he pounces on a phrase that in the context of his review makes no sense at all.

Finally, I would like to make the reader aware that any translation can be made to look suspect (or as Maurer writes, in a dismissive gesture, "inadequate") by quoting out of context translation situations that have no one clear interpretation, and stating that the option chosen by the translator is simply incorrect. While there are several instances of this in Maurer's review, they are probably too complicated to clarify in a "letter to the editor," so I will conclude by hoping that the reader whose curiosity has been piqued by this review—for the most part a thoughtful commentary on Vallejo—will pick up the translation itself.

CLAYTON ESHLEMAN
Ypsilanti, Michigan

Networking facilitator

To the editors:

Michael Lewis (Washington Diarist, "Name Games," July 5) failed to record one of the best points about the "two-way bib" name tags at the Rhodes scholar reunion. After describing them as an invention comparable to the wheel in usefulness and simplicity, Sir Anthony Kenny, a former Master of Balliol and now Warden of the Rhodes House, observed that they had the additional advantage that if you wanted to stab someone in the back, you could be sure of stabbing the right back.

FRANK SIEVERTS
Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

Clinton's trouble

During my six months of leave from this column, Bill Clinton has gotten off to what most agree is the grimmest start of any presidency in generations. The common explanations of why, though, are far too complicated. Clinton's trouble is simply that he has begun to address America's problems in the only serious way: by asking the middle class to take a financial hit. A small hit, to be sure. His original plan called for $160 a year in new taxes for a family in the $30,000-$40,000 range; $769 for incomes between $100,000 and $200,000. But even asking this little may be suicidal for a modern president.

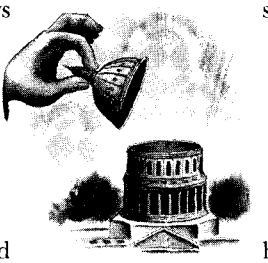
The consensus theme about the cause of Clinton's troubles is slightly different: that he has emerged as too left-wing, a traditional "tax-and-spend" Democrat, not a moderate "New Democrat" as promised in the election campaign. But that cannot be right. After all, the most traditional left-wing item on Clinton's agenda is his stiff income tax increase on the affluent. This, along with the corporate tax increase, is almost three times the size of his original energy tax proposal. Yet these taxes are breezing through to enactment. They are actually popular.

Clinton's impositions on the wealthy play an interesting role in the ongoing perils-of-Bill melodrama. Although there is virtually no broad public opposition to these upper-bracket tax hikes themselves, some of those who will get hit hard—business executives, Washington pundits, Jay Leno—are helping to spread bitterness about other aspects of the budget and about Clinton generally.

As for the "spending" side of tax-and-spend, Clinton's plan, despite increases in some categories, actually projects an overall reduction in federal government spending as a share of GDP. This is something two Republican presidents failed to achieve. If anything, Clinton's proposed spending cuts (in Medicare, for example) have added to his political woes.

The self-styled centrists at the Democratic Leadership Council may think that Clinton's problem has been his failure to play up items on their "new Democrat" agenda such as National Service and welfare reform. But whatever the merits of National Service, there is no popular clamor for this big new social program. Nor will many be clamoring for welfare reform when they realize—as Clinton carefully failed to emphasize in the campaign—that it will cost the taxpayers more money, not less.

Imagine, though, if Clinton had omitted just two items from his original budget proposal: (1) the energy tax (originally designed to bring in $72 billion over five years), and (2) the rise in the share of Social Security subject to income tax ($32 billion). These are basically the only actions of the Clinton presidency that in any way burden the great middle class. Without them, Republican "tax-and-spend" attacks would have no traction. There surely have been missteps in Clinton's first few months. And he has faced a remarkably sour press. But without this $100 billion hit on the middle class, he would still be a popular president, his reviews would be glowing, congressional Democrats and Republicans alike would fear to thumb their noses, his "mastery" would be celebrated with grandiose historical comparisons. Gays-in-the-military would be a minor sidelight. No one would care where he got his hair cut.



So. Was the middle-class hit a misstep? Consider the alternatives. There are only three.

One would have been to cut more spending instead. The Republican alternative budget offered by Senate Minority Leader Bob Dole, purporting to do just that, should have ended this illusion once and for all. It is a milestone in the headachy tax-increases-versus-spending-cuts debate. The emperor truly has no clothes.

The Republican plan talks vaguely of "caps" on huge spending categories and fails to specify a single actual spending cut not already endorsed by the Democrats. Taking these "caps" seriously would require (for example) deep cuts in Medicare benefits, even while the Republicans posture as protectors of the old folks against Clinton's far meeker imposition on their Social Security. And even taking the "caps" seriously, the Republicans would cut the deficit by tens of billions less than Clinton and the Democrats.

The point is not that deeper spending cuts than Clinton's are impossible or undesirable. The point is that politically they would be even more costly than the path Clinton has chosen. The proof is that even the Republicans dare not seriously propose them.

You expect shameless cynicism from Bob Dole. That's what he's all about. But whatever happened to the Republicans who pride themselves on being better than that—the Lugars, the Danforths, the Cohens, the Kassebaums? It's astonishing that not a single Republican in Congress is willing to break from the GOP conspiracy against Clinton's budget and none feels shamed at cowering behind a transparently fake alternative. As for preening, faint-hearted Democrats like Sam Nunn—poisoned by envy—... well, just don't get me started.

There is a school of thought that Clinton should have proposed more spending cuts *in addition to* the tax increase. This would have been his second alternative. Commentators such as David Broder maintain that Clinton's political mistake was underestimating the American people: they will tolerate—nay, they cry out for—tax increases, but only in the cause of more serious deficit reduction. (TNR editorials have also struck this chord.)

Very idealistic, of course. But where's the evidence? Even Ross Perot, whose own official budget plan calls for a far bigger middle-class tax hit than Clinton's, doesn't mention that small detail anymore in his ranting about Clinton's evil tax designs. And the Republicans have now proved that they don't have the stomach for real deficit reduction even as great as Clinton's, let alone greater. It's always possible that the Democrats, the Republicans and Ross Perot all have it wrong and the high-minded commentators have it right about the public's eagerness for sacrifice. But is this likely?

Thus the third alternative. Clinton could have forgone the middle-class hits and settled for less deficit reduction than his $500 billion five-year goal. He may well wish he had pursued this option (and something like it may well emerge from the House-Senate conference). There is a school of thought among Democratic strategists that Clinton's mistake has been losing the "populist" theme of the campaign by overemphasizing the deficit instead of jobs and the economy. But few of Clinton's critics have the nerve to say outright that $500 billion in deficit reduction is too much.

What right-wing critics say is that $500 billion in deficit reduction will never materialize because the tax increases will harm the economy and bring in no new revenue. This is simply an update of the old 1980s "free lunch" argument—if tax cuts lose no revenue, then tax increases

continued on page 41

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

AUGUST 9, 1993

LIGHT IN THE CLOSET

Gay rights groups are appalled and angry. Senator Sam Nunn seems becalmed. Representative Barney Frank, who favored a compromise, now supports the president but opposes the deal. Conservatives seem close to declaring a cultural victory. The Joint Chiefs appear smug and satisfied. The president, as so often, seems merely tortured by the call of his conscience and the constraints of his office.

We believe the compromise of "Don't ask, Don't tell, Don't pursue" is morally and intellectually contemptible *and* a real advance for civil rights. Although it perpetuates discrimination against Americans serving their country and is riddled with absurd distinctions about what constitutes "homosexual conduct" (itself an absurd notion), it nevertheless marks several critical steps forward. These are not to be dismissed, as many gay leaders are doing. They are to be built upon.

For the first time, one of the country's most conservative institutions has explicitly conceded that gay men and lesbians have a right to serve their country. An institution that has used gay-baiting in its basic training will now have to stifle its bigotry. There will be no large-scale initiation of the witch-hunts that have tainted this country and ruined so many lives for decades. Most important, there will be enforcement of laws against sexual misconduct for gays and straights "without regard to whether the conduct alleged is homosexual or heterosexual." Of course, there is still a double standard here: all gay sex is barred, but straight sex is barred only if engaged in inappropriately. Still, the upshot will be either a drastic increase in the number of heterosexual prosecutions or a drastic reduction in homosexual ones. We think (and expect) that the latter is more likely.

The "zone of privacy," on close inspection, seems to us to be pretty expansive in the context of the way most gay Americans live their lives. To be able to place a picture of your gay boyfriend or de facto husband or lesbian girlfriend or de facto wife on your desk is more than most civilian gay people feel able to do at work; to go openly to gay bars, march in gay parades and read gay literature, without fear of discrimination, is also beyond the dreams of many gay Americans in civilian life. Gay people in the military, often of a conservative temperament, are unlikely to go even that far. Together with a disavowal of aggressive investigations, the policy seems to us to be a relatively solid foundation for security for most gay soldiers. That is not something to take lightly.

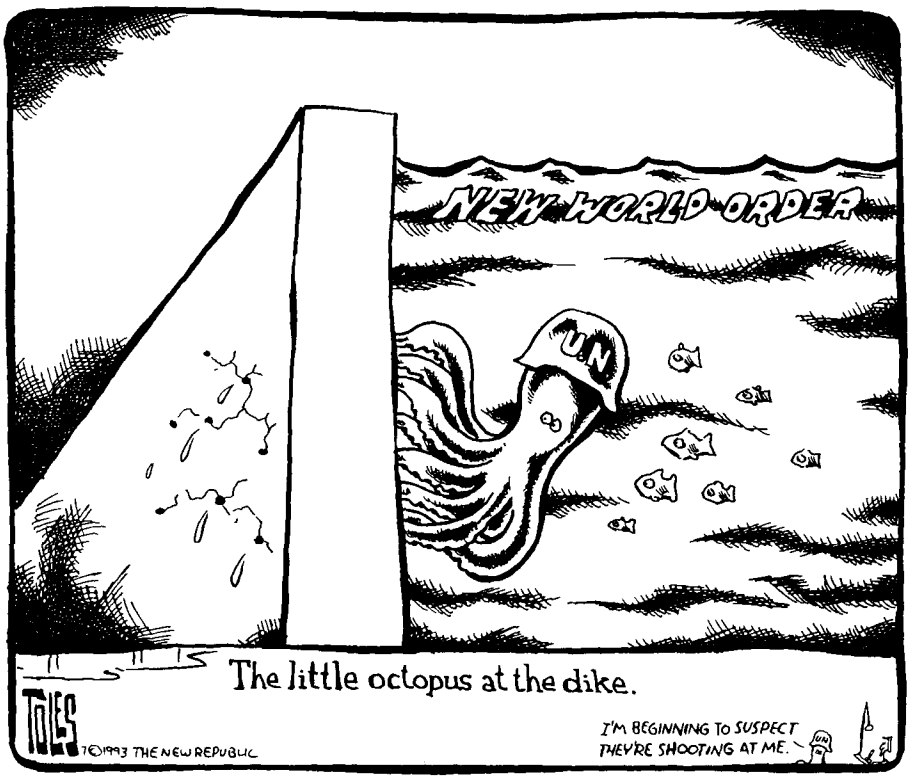
The closet, of course, remains, with all its corrupting, self-lacerating power. Although lesbians and gay men will no longer be required to lie explicitly, they will still have to lie implicitly; and implicit lies, deceptions, concealments, euphemisms and half-truths are often more psychologically destructive and morally corrupting than explicit ones. This is something the president still does not understand; that too many heterosexual Americans do not see; that General Colin Powell and Senator Nunn cannot even conceive. And the most demeaning assumption about the new provisions is that they single out the deepest moment of emotional intimacy—the private sexual act—as that which is most repugnant. Its assumption about the dignity and humanity of gay people, in and out of the military, in public and in private, is sickening.

But we live, alas, in what is still an often sickening culture. And what the president has achieved, what the gay heroes in the military (now to be discharged) have won, what brave heterosexuals—from Bob Kerrey to Barry Goldwater—have gained, is tangible enough: the end of systematic public cruelty, if not yet the end of its legitimacy. It may not be perfect—it may not even be right—but it is better than what was before. Far better for the gay leadership grimly to recognize this, to encourage rather than denigrate the president, to see this compromise as a stepping-stone for future arguments, than to engage in a spasm of comfortable alienation and perpetuate a naive cycle of political despair. Civil rights are rarely won overnight. And the truth about the equal dignity of gay and straight Americans is slowly winning the day. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTEBOOK

UPWARD FAILURE: In the New York state report on the handling of the Crown Heights riots of two years ago, the severest criticism was reserved not for Mayor David Dinkins, but for Police Commissioner Lee Brown. "As chief executive of the department, the Commissioner was ultimately responsible for managing its activities to suppress rioting and preserve public peace," the report concludes. "In times of emergency, the public can reasonably expect that the Police Commissioner will ask probing questions of key aides on the scene. The Commissioner should monitor ongoing developments and convey to the Mayor an accurate assessment of the problems. The Commissioner should not only assess operational effectiveness, but demand changes where needed." Brown's ultimate responsibility for the bulk of the fiasco—from the bungled handling of the riot to the botched prosecution of Lemrick Nelson—is quite clear. What's more depressing is that he was recently appointed director of the Office of National Drug Control Policy by the Clinton administration. Don't get us wrong. We think the drug czar's mandate is absurd. But this appointment now makes it ridiculous.



BLAMING THE MEDIA: "As he stepped up a curb, flanked by two members of his FBI security detail, Mr. Sessions reached out to help a journalist who had stumbled and fell to the pavement himself, aides said." —*The New York Times*, July 18

THE POLITICS OF FLACKING: "Dear [Name Withheld], I'm writing to suggest that you interview Michael Lerner, editor of *Tikkun*, in light of Hillary Rodham Clinton's embrace of Lerner's 'politics of meaning' and the attention that his ideas have subsequently received in the media and in political circles.... *Lerner is probably one of the first liberal Jewish leaders to meet with the White House since the Carter era....* Whether out of cynicism or out of a genuine failure to understand, the press has so far not dealt with these ideas seriously. As these issues continue to influence the Clintons, a serious attempt to grapple with the ideas and proposals articulated in the politics of meaning would undoubtedly be relevant and extremely interesting at this time. Cordially, Michael Kress, Editorial Associate, *Tikkun*." —one of many letters sent to journalists last month soliciting articles on Lerner, *Tikkun* and the "politics of meaning"

AMENDMENT II: The jury is still out on whether Benjamin Chavis can revitalize the stagnant NAACP. But his recent choice of Chicago attorney Lewis Myers Jr. as deputy director will certainly hurt his case. For a decade Myers has served as general counsel to Louis Farrakhan's Nation of Islam. In his spare time, he defended the aldermen who took down a painting of Mayor Harold Washington in women's underwear, which was exhibited at the Art Institute of Chicago. In their defense, Myers argued that removing the painting did not violate the artist's First Amendment rights but rather benefited him by publicizing his work and allowing him to reach "not hundreds, but millions of people." We suggest that Chavis do likewise—give Myers nationwide exposure by publicly removing him from his new position.

HE'S BACK!!: This week marks the return of Michael Kinsley as TRB. His column is illustrated for the first time by Ross MacDonald. More of Ross's illustrations will appear in our regular features in the weeks and months ahead. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOSCOW POSTCARD

DEVUSHKI!

By Liesl Schillinger

Moscow today may be politically volatile, politically capricious and politically daring, but one thing it is not—and probably never will be—is politically correct. The average Western woman arrives in Moscow to discover that the rules of the gender game have changed: there are no "women" in Russia. There are only *devushki*—girls—or *babushki*—grandmothers. Whether you're addressing a fortyish saleswoman in a shop or asking a 50-year-old woman on the street for directions, you use the same word: *devushka*; and every Russian woman lives in cold-sweated anticipation of the day when one more gray hair, one more pound, will push her over the line to *babushka* status. I asked a female colleague of mine if it was ever allowable to refer to a grown woman as "woman" or "lady." From her alarmed reply, I gathered that calling someone "woman" was roughly equivalent to saying, "Hey, bitch." So *devushka* it remained, despite my reservations.

A funny thing happens when people call you *devushka*. At first, it stings; for instance, when your Russian boss says, "You see, *devushka*, we don't do it that way." Straight rebuttals to such comments are not the feminine tack here; gentle persuasion and guilt are the chief female weapons. Frank disagreement produces cold, offended smiles and zero cooperation. So what's a girl to do? First, you realize that all you want is to get what you want, no matter what people call you. Second, you use the local tools. And third, scarily, you slowly begin thinking of yourself as something diminutive, something not very menacing that ends in "*ushka*."

"I would never want to be an American woman," my mild, plump Russian friend Marina told me one day at a neighborhood dining hall. "They are too aggressive, too manly. That is very unattractive. It is good to be soft." Shura, a stocky Brezhnevite who has gray hair but who is arguably not yet a *babushka*, announced to me a few weeks ago, "It is awful the way American women have flat stomachs. No man could like that; I tell you, it is like a board." Giving a few firm slaps to her own hearty midsection, she announced, "A woman must have a belly."

Russian men seem less particular and have a relentlessly romanticized view of women. This means that you are walked across streets, your parcels are carried, your doors are opened, your wishes are granted if you cry and you are told incessantly that you are pretty and that your clothes become you. It also means that many of the men you encounter are going to chat you up, not only in bars or cafés or discos, but on the subways, on buses, on sidewalks, down alleys. As you walk down any street, a chorus of "*devushka!*" echoes after you.

No place is more rife with these kind of encounters than the Moscow metro, the megalithic Stalinist showcase that combines German efficiency and Russian chaos. Every minute thousands of Russians emerge from trains, jostling and shoving, their cloth shoulder bags rammed with sausages and cheese, their trendy plastic shopping bags decorated with bare-buttocked models, their briefcases or pets hugged to their chests. Only one thing can divert them from the lemminglike progress from train to exit: the sight of a woman.

Twenty-two-year-old Robin Sweat left Florida and moved to Moscow in January to study Russian. She is tall and thin with long auburn hair, and as we met over drinks at News Bar, a dark, glistening, high-ceilinged pub popular with Westerners and Russians, she raged over her metro torments. "I'll be standing on an escalator, and I'll feel someone tugging at my hair. I turn around, and a man will be stroking my hair and saying, '*Devushka*, you have such pretty hair.' I pull away, and they get angry and say, '*Devushka*, let us go out—why will you not come out?' Men will come up to you, grab you and kiss you, then stand back and beam as if you were going to thank them. They're like, let's go back and have sex right now. I wish I had a big cattle prod," she fumed. "Every woman I know has had the same problem," she said. But when she told her Russian woman friends about the constant pestering, they were amazed at her anger. "They told me it's a compliment, they said that it reaffirms their femininity."

But at midnight on a deserted street, no woman is looking for affirmation. One evening I was walking home with my friend Alejandra, a British-Venezuelan with long ringlety hair. As we walked down the Old Arbat, man after man ran up to us, laughing, grabbing at our wrists, asking for a smile or a light. At first it seemed like the usual harassment, but then a boy ran up to us and began hopping grotesquely like a jumping jack. He was well-dressed, well-scrubbed, thin and young, but he was not looking to flatter. We hissed at him to leave us alone, and he gave up and went away, swearing. We walked on silently. Just then, ahead of us we saw a black van advancing up the wide, cobbled walkway between the new Baskin-Robbins and the Arbat's rococo lampposts.

We kept walking. The van drove toward us, between the double row of light poles. A long-haired boy jumped out of the passenger seat and walked up to us. "*Devushki*," he said, with a terrorist's smile, "you need help. People might bother you." The driver was now pulling up alongside us. "Yes, people like you," I retorted, and kept walking. The driver opened the door and demanded that we get in. I spun Alejandra around and ran back up the empty Arbat, pulling her along with me. We found a lit storefront and pounded on the glass door; a bewildered

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doorman appeared. He saw the men and the van, and as I hurriedly explained the situation, he nodded and opened the door.

Alejandra and I stayed with him until the van drove away. Then we turned around and headed back for home. With a sinking feeling, we watched two men ahead, on the other side of the Arbat, make a quick diagonal path toward us. We were ten meters from the door when they cut us off. "*Devushki*," they laughed. Giving a slap to the back of our coats, they grinned and ran on up the Arbat. Alejandra and I looked at each other. They were gone. We didn't speak, we just punched the building code and made our way upstairs.

The next day at work, I told my colleagues about the incidents and they laughed. "What do you expect, *devushka*," they said. "You can't walk after dark without a man. You should have stayed at the club until it got light." When I protested that I hadn't been alone, I had been with a friend, and that in New York I was used to walking unaccompanied whenever I felt like it, they shook their heads. "No way," they said. "The men don't know you're from New York. Next time, go out with a man—actually, better to go out with several men."

LIESL SCHILLINGER is a free-lance writer.

The Republicans and Perot.

LOVING TOO MUCH

By Fred Barnes

Republicans are like that pop culture cliché, women who love too much. They know they shouldn't get involved with Ross Perot, that the relationship will come to no good, but they can't help themselves. GOP Representative John Kasich of Ohio insists Perot is really a Republican at heart. "His views are largely the same as mine," says Kasich, who talks to Perot regularly. "It's a great relationship, and I suspect it'll be sustained." Newt Gingrich says the message to Perot should be: welcome. "A guy who gets 19 percent of the vote is legitimate," he argues. "A guy with 67 percent approval and 99 percent name I.D. is legitimate."

The mating dance between Republicans and Perot is in full swing, and Perot is doing his part. He praises Republicans like Kasich and Senator Pete Domenici of New Mexico ("two of the best") for their deficit slashing schemes. "The best minds in the Congress on debt reduction just happen to be Republicans," Perot told Phil Donahue. And what is Perot's fondest dream? "If I could wish for one thing right now in terms of political parties, it would be for the Republicans to get over the funeral, to revitalize themselves and have strong leadership and to have strong, positive, constructive programs," he said in a T.V. interview with David Frost in May. "That's starting to happen."

Maybe, but what's really starting to happen is a Republican-Perot love-in. Republican National Chairman Haley Barbour invited two surprised Illinois organizers for Perot's United We Stand America to sit in on the GOP national committee's summer meeting in Chicago in July. Senate Republican leader Bob Dole met in Kansas City in June with a dozen regional coordinators from Perot's 1992 presidential campaign. (Dole has known Perot for more than twenty years.) In May, House freshman Republicans invited Perot to speak to them. And ten congressional Republicans, including Gingrich, have ponied up $15 to join United We Stand America.

Why are Republicans so eager to attract Perot? It's the 19 million votes he got. "By and large, they're people with Republican voting habits," says Barbour. True. A survey by Stanley Greenberg, President Clinton's pollster, found that "among all Perot voters, 62 percent voted for Reagan at least once and 62 percent for Bush in 1988." George Bush drove them away in 1992. Now they "remain committed" to Perot, according to Greenberg. So even Jack Kemp, after zinging Perot on trade and taxes, said on CBS's "Face the Nation" in July: "I'd like to invite him into the Republican Party."

Republicans need Perot voters to oust Clinton in 1996, but their more immediate concern is 1994. GOP pollster Frank Luntz, who worked for Perot in 1992, believes Perot could prompt a stampede of voters to Republican congressional candidates next year. "He can affect one out of ten [votes] right now, maybe as high as one out of eight," says Luntz. "That could turn five dozen House races and eight to ten Senate seats." All Perot has to do is urge his followers to back GOP challengers as a way of "sending a laserlike signal to Washington." Even if Perot merely instructed his troops to back challengers in general, whether Republican or Democrat, that would help Republicans. They're the minority in both houses, so they have fewer incumbents.

In statements at his weekend rallies, Perot has fueled Republican hopes of a 1994 alliance. In Boise, Idaho, on July 18, Perot exclaimed, "1994 is coming. We've got to climb in the ring.... You can be the swing vote in nearly every state and district in the United States. You're a 500-pound gorilla at the edge of the branch, eating a banana and staring at them." The worst fear of Republicans is that United We Stand would field its own candidates, split the non-Democratic vote and allow Democrats to win. Perot claims he has no plans for that. "We hope we don't have to," he told Frost. "We have no desire to be a political party. We do have a strong desire to give the people a voice in this country."

There's another reason for Republican optimism about détente with Perot. Republicans swoon over his new anti-Clinton rhetoric. He sounds like Dole or Gingrich, only his megaphone is bigger. In his half-hour infomercial on NBC on April 25—the second of three this year—Perot predicted what will happen if Clinton

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gets his way: "We will get new taxes. The debt won't be paid. We will not get reforms. Crime, drugs, poor schools will get worse." At the rally in Boise, one of six Perot addressed that weekend, he said Clinton's health care program will "cost $150 billion" in new taxes and "won't work." That tax hike will come on top of another of $50 billion a year, he said. "Then they pass the family leave bill, which increases the cost of doing business ... [and] they're about to pass the striker replacement bill that will really hurt the American people." This is Republican dogma.

Perot fans who flock to his speeches lap it up too, which suggests they're not likely to jump to Clinton in 1996. Greenberg's analysis of his own poll, conducted for the Democratic Leadership Council, raised false hopes of Clinton's appeal to Perotistas. Greenberg said Perot voters are "divided evenly between conservatives (44 percent) and liberal/moderates (25 and 27 percent, respectively)." In truth, these numbers mean Perot voters tilt heavily to the conservative side, since many moderates will gravitate in that direction. Greenberg argued Perot voters are "up for grabs" in 1996. Perhaps, but practically everything Clinton has done as president has repelled rather than attracted them.

So what's wrong with Republicans enlisting Perot? Why will the relationship turn abusive? In the first place, Perot causes a rift among Republicans. They divide into three camps: romantics like Kasich and Gingrich who want to woo Perot, critics like Kemp who are willing to disagree with Perot's ideas but not to attack him personally and anti-Perot types like Bill Bennett who regard Perot as a demagogue and a threat to the GOP. "A party which can span [New York mayoral candidate Rudy] Giuliani, Reagan and [Jesse] Helms can probably accommodate Perot," says Gingrich. "Why should we want him?" counters Republican strategist Jeffrey Bell. "What's happened to the party? Do we have any convictions or do we just want to co-opt someone's supporters?"

The biggest problem with embracing Perot is that it would elevate and legitimize him and his views. Perot already crowds out Republicans. "We can't get our message out if he's there," says Luntz. "He's louder, he's newish, he's different and he's relatively interesting." Giving him GOP status would make matters worse. And Perot's message is often anti-Republican. He attacks Reaganomics; he's a protectionist; he devoted a May 30 infomercial to criticizing what he calls the "Mexican trade agreement" in ferociously exaggerated terms. (He ended the half-hour show with, "Good night. I love you.") He's an isolationist, having opposed Desert Storm as the product of Bush's search for manhood. And until this year, he favored massive tax increases. Now, when questioned about switching his position on taxes, Perot changes the subject. The euphemism used by pro-Perot Republicans is that he's "evolving." Or as GOP Representative John Doolittle of California says, "Since January, he's changed his emphasis." But not much.

Republicans have little to gain from Perot and a lot to lose. Chances are, Perot won't endorse Republican candidates next year. Or he'll do it the way he did in the Texas Senate race in May: announce a poll favoring one candidate or the other. In Texas he did this when Republican Kay Bailey Hutchison was 25 points ahead. The quasi-endorsement had little impact, though Perot now claims to have swung the election. Still, Perot might help the GOP a little in 1994. But in 1996, he's a menace. "You create a monster," says Democratic strategist James Carville, "you've got to live with it."

If Perot runs for the Republican presidential nomination—he hasn't ruled this out—he may win. A poll for *USA Weekend* in June found a Perot-Dole ticket would beat Clinton-Gore by 48 percent to 38 percent. If that happens, the Republican Party will become the Perot party. A more likely scenario is another independent presidential race by Perot, which he could mount after losing the GOP nomination. This would divide the anti-Clinton vote and probably re-elect Clinton. "He may be the only guy who can guarantee the re-election of Bill Clinton," concedes Gingrich. Yet Gingrich woos away. He just can't help himself. •

The gay movement and the gay ban.

TORCH SONG STRATEGY

By Jacob Weisberg

On July 13 Tom Sheridan and Chai Feldblum of the Campaign for Military Service, the umbrella organization created to fight the armed services gay ban, met with two of Defense Secretary Les Aspin's representatives at the Pentagon. The aides, special assistant Rudy de Leon and general counsel Jamie Gorelick, who had worked for months trying to get the ban lifted, regretfully informed the gay leaders that Aspin had reached a decision: he was going to recommend that President Clinton endorse a compromise that has since been dubbed "Don't Ask, Don't Tell, Don't Pursue." After months of wrangling, it was the most Aspin had been able to get the six Joint Chiefs to agree to.

Sheridan and Feldblum were so displeased that they left the meeting and immediately called Eric Schmitt of *The New York Times* to relate all that had happened. Thus the first public announcement of Clinton's policy, on the front page of the paper the next day, was a denouncement; CMS coordinator Tom Stoddard was quoted calling the deal a "capitulation to bigotry and political expedience." This may have provided a frisson of retribution for the gay lobby, but it soon proved counterproductive. George Stephanopoulos, who had been dealing with CMS as the administration's point man on the issue, was so peeved at the leak that he canceled a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meeting with Feldblum and Sheridan scheduled for that day. Stephanopoulos told them it would be tantamount to "malpractice" for him to trust them to keep their discussion private. During the next two days, when crucial details were being hammered out, Stephanopoulos didn't return Sheridan's calls.

It was another example of what has emerged as a sadly self-defeating tendency in gay politics. Stephanopoulos is probably CMS's best friend within the White House; it was foolish for gay leaders to give him a reason to be angry at them just as Clinton was making a final decision on the issue. But Sheridan says that after the withdrawal of Lani Guinier's nomination, he and other gay leaders had come to realize that "the Clinton administration spends more time paying attention to its political enemies than working with its friends."

It was in this spirit that other gay leaders reacted to Clinton's July 19 announcement. Torie Osborne of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force called Clinton a "coward" and warned that members of the gay "money community" certainly weren't going to shower him with cash in 1996 as they did in '92. David Mixner, a one-time Clinton fund-raiser, said in a July 20 speech, almost comical in its spurned fury, "Mr. President, you were called to greatness and instead you sacrificed the freedom of millions for your own political expediency." In Sheridan's words, Clinton's tortuous attempt to protect gay soldiers was the "stepsister of the witch hunt."

Gay groups would be justified in their wrath if Clinton had been in a position to do more and opted not to. But the president was trapped by a pincer movement of the armed forces and Congress. Hemmed in by the likelihood that the existing ban would be codified in law by Congress and by fierce resistance among the ranks, Clinton needed to strike a deal with the chiefs. He and Aspin did their best to salvage a compromise from a situation in which they had no real leverage. But three votes out of six (including Chairman Colin Powell's) were all they could get for a more liberal version of the policy.

As these realities made themselves known, it would have made sense for gay leaders to try to create breathing room for Clinton—as the president asked them to do when they met with him in the Oval Office in April, according to a White House source. This would have meant taking the pressure off the White House and fostering congressional and public support for an outright lifting of the ban, or for a more liberal compromise. But the gay groups failed to generate grass-roots pressure on Congress. Senator Ernest Hollings of South Carolina, to take a random example, received about 3,000 letters urging retention of the ban. "You could almost count the number of people in favor of lifting the ban on the fingers of one hand," said his press secretary, Andy Bracken.

"Bill Clinton would have done exactly what we wanted him to do if his head count had shown he had the votes," says Vic Basile, a former director of the Human Rights Campaign Fund, who is critical of the lobbying effort. "Our job was to deliver him the votes. We failed to do that. We ought to be angriest at ourselves." At no point did gay leaders privately construct a fall-back position, even as a complete end to the ban receded from view. Representative Barney Frank pointed out the lack of a congressional strategy in late May, when he put forward his own compromise on the issue, which would have allowed homosexual acts off-base and off-duty. "Our lobbying efforts have not been nearly as successful as those of our opponents and time is running out," he wrote in an explanatory letter. Gay leaders responded that it was Clinton who was failing to lobby Congress; Frank was rewarded with Queer Nation posters calling him a "Wimp."

Nor did the groups do well at the public relations game. Stephanopoulos advised gay leaders that a raucous march on Washington was likely to harm their cause, and Clinton himself suggested they focus on the stories of discharged patriots. But gay groups disagreed too much among themselves to cooperate in planning the event. The march was appallingly organized, failed

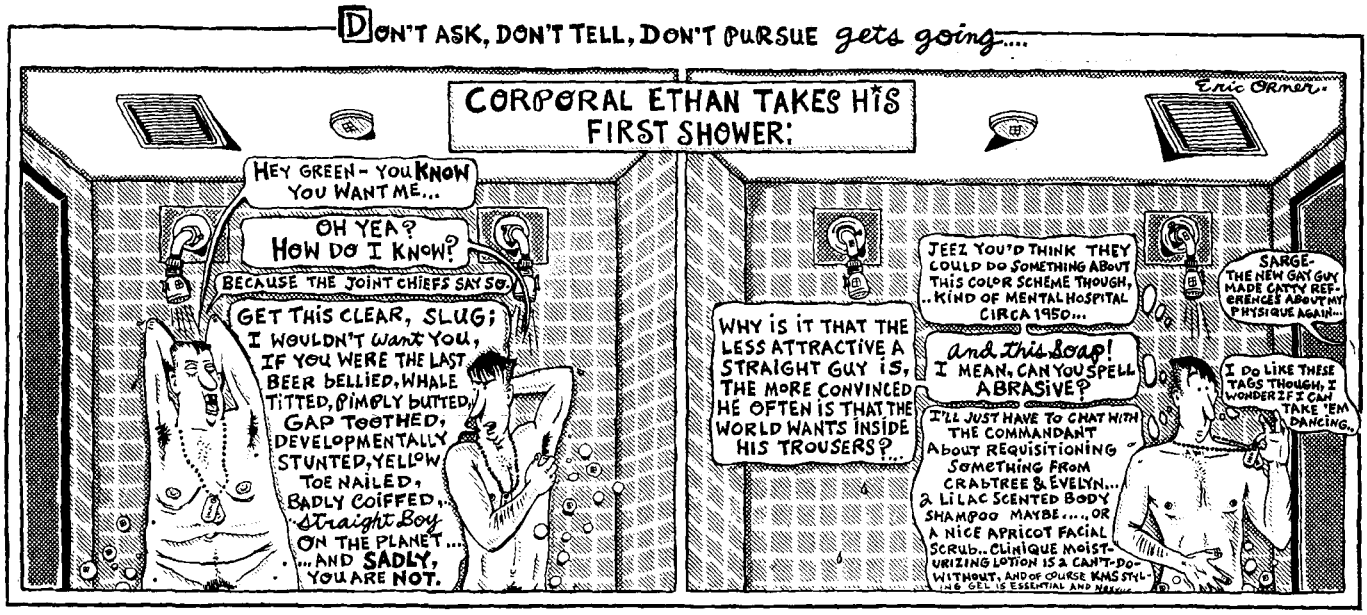

DON'T ASK, DON'T TELL, DON'T PURSUE gets going....
CORPORAL ETHAN TAKES HIS FIRST SHOWER:
Eric Orner
HEY GREEN - YOU KNOW YOU WANT ME...
OH YEA? HOW DO I KNOW?
BECAUSE THE JOINT CHIEFS SAY SO.
GET THIS CLEAR, SLUG; I WOULDN'T want YOU, IF YOU WERE THE LAST BEER BELLIED, WHALE TITTED, PIMPLY BUTTED, GAP TOOTHED, DEVELOPMENTALLY STUNTED, YELLOW TOE NAILED, BADLY COIFFED, Straight Boy ON THE PLANET... ...AND SADLY, YOU ARE NOT.
WHY IS IT THAT THE LESS ATTRACTIVE A STRAIGHT GUY IS, THE MORE CONVINCED HE OFTEN IS THAT THE WORLD WANTS INSIDE HIS TROUSERS?...
JEEZ YOU'D THINK THEY COULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS COLOR SCHEME THOUGH, ..KIND OF MENTAL HOSPITAL CIRCA 1950...
and this soap! I MEAN, CAN YOU SPELL ABRASIVE?
I'LL JUST HAVE TO CHAT WITH THE COMMANDANT ABOUT REQUISITIONING SOMETHING FROM CRABTREE & EVELYN... A LILAC SCENTED BODY SHAMPOO MAYBE.....OR A NICE APRICOT FACIAL SCRUB..CLINIQUE MOISTURIZING LOTION IS A CAN'T-DO WITHOUT, AND OF COURSE KMS STYLING GEL IS ESSENTIAL AND NAT...
SARGE- THE NEW GAY GUY MADE CATTY REFERENCES ABOUT MY PHYSIQUE AGAIN...
I DO LIKE THESE TAGS THOUGH, I WONDER IF I CAN TAKE 'EM DANCING...

ILLUSTRATION BY ERIC ORNER FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ocus on topics that are critical to the
ng-term vitality of the United States:

Understanding American Civilization

Personal Strength

Entrepreneurial Private Enterprise

Spirit of Invention and Discovery

Commitment to Quality

Applying the Lessons of American History

Economic Growth

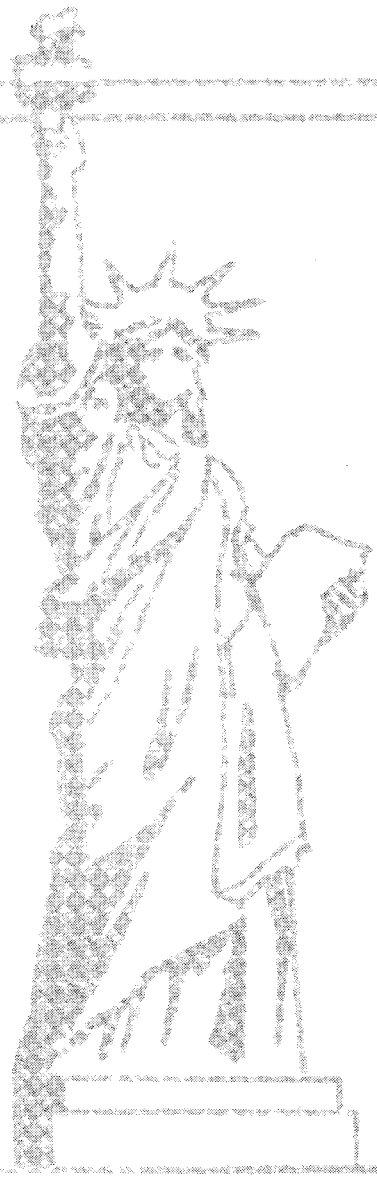
Health and Wellness

Saving the Inner City

Citizenship for the 21st Century

Renewing American Civilization

LIVE • VIA SATELLITE
FROM KENNESAW STATE COLLEGE
TAUGHT BY NEWT GINGRICH



If you believe it is impossible to maintain civilization with:

- 12-year-olds having babies
- 15-year-olds killing each other
- 17-year-olds dying of AIDS
- 18-year-olds getting diplomas they can't read

then join **Newt Gingrich** in the classroom and commit to Renewing American Civilization.

10 Saturdays, September 18 - November 20, 1993
8:30 a.m. - 10:30 a.m. E.T.

The video and audio tape series of the live presentation are available for purchase. Register and receive the course book, *Readings in Renewing American Civilization*, and the course syllabus.

Enrollment fee ..... $ 24.95
Includes *Readings in Renewing American Civilization* - course book and syllabus

Video series* 10 video tapes ..... $ 119.95

Audio series* 10 audio tapes ..... $ 69.95
*Sent Priority Mail™ each week

Shipping and handling* ..... $ 2.00
*Includes taxes where applicable

Have your VISA or MasterCard ready and call:

Call 1-800-TO RENEW

Register 24 hours a day, 7 days a week

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to coordinate even a single time for a photo-op on the Mall and had as its most memorable quote a lesbian comedian's remark that Hillary Clinton was "at last a first lady I could fuck." Predictably, despite a massive turnout, the march failed to move public opinion. And though CMS hired Bob Shrum to develop a series of T.V. ads, it spent only $250,000—a pittance—for air time.

Much of the media was aimed instead at the White House. The Human Rights Campaign Fund took out newspaper ads that read: "Mr. President ... Your Words. Our Lives." This was in tune with the basic approach of gay leaders, which was to lean harder and harder on the administration. But Clinton couldn't keep his promise without losing the fight. "At every step of the way, I remember hearing from groups they couldn't do anything unless the president did it first," says a White House official. "They wanted him to fall on his sword." The pressure made it even more difficult for Clinton to demand lifting the ban, lest he be seen as kowtowing to a moneyed special interest group, for all the decency of their cause.

Despite the imperfect result, one might expect gay leaders to thank Clinton for trying and acknowledge a helpful first step. But while Clinton takes credit for an imperfect advance and conservatives assert they have won, gay leaders are for the first time speaking with one voice in proclaiming a stunning defeat. Stoddard says the new policy "constitutes no advance whatsoever for this country's lesbian and gay servicemembers, and contradicts the president's own words." Mixner says it is "really no change from current policy and in many ways worse." Even Frank rejects the deal—though he says Clinton was "heroic" to push for it. Others say they would rather have had an outright defeat with the president on their side. These statements reflect an understandable anger. But they also point to an immaturity in gay politics, an absent pragmatism. The movement, it appears, is still more comfortable denouncing its friends than fighting its enemies. •

Will the Somali warlord win?

AIDEED IT MY WAY

By S. J. Hamrick

In Mogadishu, renegade Somali warlord Mohamed Farah Aideed continues to disrupt the U.N.'s humanitarian mission. Since May, when the United Nations Operation in Somalia replaced the U.S.-led coalition, Aideed's snipers and the rocket grenadiers of his Hawiye subclan in south Mogadishu have ambushed and killed thirty-nine U.N. soldiers. One hundred twenty-seven have been wounded. So long as Aideed and his defiant militiamen make south Mogadishu a killing ground for U.N. peacekeepers sent to preserve lives, including their own, the U.N. and Washington are confronted with a dilemma: Are the U.N. multinational units to remain mere peacekeeping patrolmen, manning the checkpoints and roaming the streets? Is their power, like their weaponry, more symbolic than real? Or are they to become, or to be augmented by, more fiercely equipped troops, ready, able and willing to go after hostile Somali forces?

International peacekeeping by a multinational committee of civil servants, diplomats, generals, bureaucrats and journalists will inevitably have its problems, even in the best of times. In the case of Somalia, the many participants may agree on the principle of the U.N. mandate for the restoration of civil order but remain uncertain or divided about tactics. And Somalia has proved the worst of times. At UNOSOM headquarters in south Mogadishu words have flown as furiously as shrapnel these past weeks. The French and Italian commanders were unhappy with Turkish General Civik Bir's U.N. command structure, which excluded them from military strategy sessions. The U.N. was angry at the unsoldierly-like behavior of General Bruno Loi, commander of the Italian forces. Italy, livid at the U.N. for demanding Loi's recall, threatened to withdraw its troops. The foreign press corps, four of whose members were killed by Somali street mobs on July 12, was openly contemptuous of UNOSOM's claims of bringing security to the streets and minimizing Somali civilian casualties.

The United States might have shared with U.N. headquarters in New York the lesson learned in Vietnam about the folly of conducting war by an executive committee of far-away wise men or of claiming victory by press release. But Washington, a stranger to U.N. peacekeeping operations, is cautiously feeling its way. So is the Pentagon, which was willing to put a toe in the water, but little more. Only 1,158 of the American troops in Somalia are combat units—the quick reaction force of the 10th Mountain Division—and they remain under the command of Major General Thomas Montgomery, not Bir, who commands the remaining 3,881 Americans, all of whom come from logistics units.

Following Aideed's June 5 ambush and murder of twenty-three Pakistanis, the U.N. gave UNOSOM a mandate for hot pursuit. Asking for orders from a headquarters 5,000 miles away to search out and destroy a battlefield enemy who has killed twenty-three of your own may seem odd, but UNOSOM's operations manual is the U.N. Charter, not Clausewitz. Sadly, UNOSOM responded by foolishly putting a price of $25,000 on Aideed's head for his capture. This bit of Wild West amateurism publicly trivialized the U.N. mission and its soldiers and made a local hero of Aideed. It also betrayed but didn't resolve the U.N.'s dilemma in trying to reconcile two irreconcilable roles.

Aideed and his militia must be dealt with. The ques-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tough love

In January 1992, before the suffering in Somalia became front-page news, Representative Alan Wheat, a member of the Congressional Black Caucus and the House select committee on hunger, asked the Bush administration to consider armed intervention. Administration officials told him the idea was ridiculous. Among other reasons, Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs Herman Cohen argued that Wheat's colleagues on the CBC wouldn't support such a move. After all, the Caucus had opposed military action in Grenada, Panama, Libya and Iraq.

Cohen was wrong. The CBC not only endorsed Wheat's proposal but actually applauded Bush's December decision to send troops. It called for the United States to disarm the warlords months before the recent raids against General Mohamed Farah Aideed.

The CBC's position on Somalia represents a major shift in the group's relationship with black African nations. After years of willful naïveté, African-American policy-makers are no longer afraid to point out the political and moral deficiencies of African leaders. A congressional staffer notes that when he attended Howard University a few years ago, "You would have been labeled a CIA [agent] if you criticized human rights abuses in Africa; now you see a different approach." Indeed, CBC member Alcee Hastings concedes, "Some of us are more critical than we once were."

Until recently, most black congressional leaders reserved their moral outrage for white-ruled South Africa and Rhodesia. In 1977 Representative Charles Diggs, chairman of the House subcommittee on Africa, refused to condemn Uganda's Idi Amin because of his "concern that a congressional investigation might divert public attention from human rights conditions in South Africa." A year later one of Diggs's aides, Randall Robinson, formed TransAfrica, the first African-American foreign policy lobbying organization. TransAfrica skillfully mobilized African Americans against apartheid but never aroused similar passion about rights abuses elsewhere. "They should have been called TransSoweto. They did nothing about African problems except in South Africa," says Remigius Kintu, president of the anti-government Ugandan Democratic Coalition.

Because South Africa dominated its efforts, TransAfrica embraced black oppressors who contributed to the anti-apartheid struggle. Zambia's Kenneth Kaunda, a close ally of Saddam Hussein's, served as honorary chairman of Africare, a prominent African-American development group, and TransAfrica featured Kaunda's ambassadors at fund-raisers. Robinson maintained that Tanzania's one-party government deserved U.S. aid because of its role as "a leader of the front-line states [against apartheid] and as an important voice in the non-aligned and Third Worlds."

In August 1983, during the Ethiopian famine, TransAfrica harshly criticized the Reagan administration for its slow humanitarian response, dismissing State Department charges that Ethiopia was diverting food aid to its military. TransAfrica waited until 1988 to advocate sanctions against Mengistu Haile Meriam's brutal regime. Even then, Representative Mickey Leland publicly contradicted the group, maintaining that the West did not understand Mengistu. C. Payne Lucas, Africare's president, says that "ten years ago, I wouldn't have been criticizing [African countries]."

But by the late 1980s, F. W. de Klerk's reforms, which culminated in the release of Nelson Mandela and the legalization of the African National Congress, left TransAfrica without a mission. Apartheid's demise alone wasn't enough to bring African-American leaders to focus on human rights abuses in the rest of the continent, however. Something else prompted the change. With the end of Soviet aid, the leftist autocracies that TransAfrica esteemed for their anti-apartheid, non-aligned credentials either embraced multiparty democracy and the free market, as was the case in Angola, Mozambique and Tanzania, or lost power to those who did, as in Benin, Congo, Ethiopia and Zambia.

Governments that remained conspicuously undemocratic, such as those in Zaire, Kenya and Malawi, were pro-Western, with questionable anti-apartheid credentials. Zaire's Mobutu Sese Seko had long collaborated with South Africa in assisting Angolan rebel Jonas Savimbi; Malawi's Hastings Kamuzu Banda had been the only African leader to maintain full diplomatic relations with the South African government. These men were already unpopular in non-aligned circles, and opposing them represented a relatively safe extension of the anti-apartheid movement. In response to Ghanian economist George Ayittey's charge that African-American leaders "only attack regimes that are pro-West," Adwoa Dunn-Mouton, Senator Paul Simon's chief aide for Africa policy, says, "That's where all the dictators are."

African exiles proved the final factor in persuading African-American politicians and lobbyists to become more critical of African human rights abuses. In 1988, as Ethiopians persuaded TransAfrica to support sanctions against Mengistu, Liberians gained the CBC's support for a reduction in aid to Samuel K. Doe. By 1991 Mengistu was in exile and Doe murdered. In July 1990 Gibson Kamau Kuria, an exiled Kenyan civil rights lawyer, marshaled Robinson, Jesse Jackson, Coretta Scott King and David Dinkins to call for the termination of U.S. aid to Kenya, a position tougher than the one favored by the Bush administration.

On Zaire, the Bush and Clinton administrations have wavered between advocating a temporary power-sharing arrangement between Mobutu and former Prime Minister Etienne Tsishekedi, and simply recognizing Tsishekedi and trying to force Mobutu out. The CBC has shown no such ambivalence. In February, Representative Donald Payne sent a letter to President Clinton calling on him to freeze Mobutu's assets in the United States, expel his ambassador and "seek U.N. approval to send a military force to disarm all military units."

Judging by this year's African-African American Summit, where the NAACP awarded lifetime membership to Gabonese dictator Omar Bongo, not all African-American organizations share the CBC's human rights focus. Yet the Caucus has an ally, African exiles, for whom moral vigilance is a prerequisite for the trans-Atlantic bond that many African Americans desire. In the words of Suleiman Nyang, the Gambian chairman of Howard University's African studies department, "They must be loving critics.... If African Americans are interested only in the attention of dictators, the victims of those dictators will not respond very favorably to their efforts at solidarity."

PETER BEINART

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion is how. American forces may have provided the answer on July 12, with a deadly helicopter strike against Aideed's compound. The Italians angrily objected, convinced the United States' obsessive pursuit of Aideed had sacrificed U.N. non-partisanship and compromised its broader humanitarian goals. The Italians insisted the U.N. should open a dialogue with Aideed, even though the warlord's snipers had ambushed and killed two Italian soldiers on July 2. Intelligence evidence suggests the Italians had in fact opened a covert channel to Aideed prior to the ambush, and had even told him of their July 2 deployment. The U.N. command, however, was kept in the dark about the troop movement until the ambush, when the surprised Italians broke their silence and called for help.

The Italian purpose in all this remains obscure, but then logic isn't always crystal clear in the tumultuous Italian parliament either. Italy has deep roots in southern Somalia, once Italian Somaliland. Italians have formed the largest foreign community in the south and have always felt they understood the Somalis and the peculiar Somali circumstance far better than others. When Siad Barre's Soviet alliance in the 1970s made other Western diplomats unwelcome, Italian diplomats were always well received in Mogadishu's inner councils, able to discuss and even dabble in Somali internal affairs, just as Italian businessmen have always been particularly resourceful in finding their way through the maze of Somali ministries and state trading firms.

Aideed, like Siad, is an Italian-trained ex-Somali army officer who speaks Italian far more fluently than English. He is also a product of his era, educated in part in Siad's primitive barracks. Siad's perception of the United States was that despite American military power, U.S. resolve, unlike that of the USSR, could be intimidated. Public opinion and Congress were the key, the media was the instrument. Vietnam proved that the public and Congress, easily distressed by American casualties, could weaken the country's resolve. So did the U.S. failure to come to Somalia's aid during the disastrous Ogaden war against Ethiopia in 1977, in which Aideed served as a Somali army officer.

Like Siad, Aideed is adept at double dealing. At the Addis Ababa peace conference in March, he agreed to Somali national reconciliation—and then promptly did everything in his power to see that it would never happen. As Somalia's ambassador to New Delhi in the 1980s, he gained some familiarity with his country's foreign policy, which depends on playing off one power against another: the United States against the USSR; China against both; moderate Arab countries such as Egypt and Saudi Arabia against Libya and Iraq.

So it's not surprising that Aideed, with his back against the wall in southern Mogadishu, should seek to find some basis for dialogue with the more sympathetic Italians. What is surprising is that the Italians would think some common ground might be found with Aideed. If the Italians believe themselves so much more adroit in the present circumstance than the clumsy, heavy-handed Americans, they could begin their rapprochement by offering Aideed political asylum in Italy.

Aideed's purpose seems obvious. With a force of some 2,000 men, he can't hope to defeat the U.N. troop coalition, with its 21,800 peacekeepers from twenty-five nations. Instead he has made UNOSOM pay a price in casualties. As the bloody costs mount, he may gamble that the U.N. will be fractured by an erosion of public support and the withdrawal of some nations, as Italy threatened briefly, and be forced to come to terms with him to save lives as well as the coalition. Perhaps he's drawn a lesson from the ineffectual U.N. peacekeeping effort in Bosnia and the reluctance of Europe and the United States to commit combat forces. If not in Bosnia, why in Somalia? Senator Robert Byrd of West Virginia, who called last week for U.S. troops to "pack up and go home," may make Aideed a prophet. But the warlord isn't a genius—he's as brutal in his policy vision as was Siad. In the meantime, the other dozen or so Somali warlords watch and wait.

Should Aideed succeed and the U.N. acquiesce, he would remain the chief power broker in Mogadishu. Whoever controls its deep-water port, airfield, highways and commerce controls much of the south. U.N. plans for a transitional Somali government built on an effective police force and judicial system are difficult enough to imagine. To believe the U.N. could succeed in the face of Aideed's murderous ambition is impossible. The issue at stake in Mogadishu isn't merely Somalia's future but the integrity of Chapter VII of the U.N. charter as an instrument for resolving future crises, particularly in Africa. If the principle of collective humanitarian action can be overthrown by a backstreet brigand and killer like Aideed, then it's not worth the paper it's written on, to say nothing of the lives it has already claimed.

S.J. HAMRICK served in the State Department from 1960 to 1980.

How not to conduct trade policy.

FLAT PANEL FLOP

By John B. Judis

Bill Clinton summed up his approach to industrial policy in his address to Congress last February. "The world is changing so fast that we must have aggressive, targeted attempts to create the high-wage jobs of the future," he said. "We must give special attention to those critical industries that are going to explode in the twenty-first century but that are in trouble in America today."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

The Wrong Message

International examinations designed to compare students from all over the world usually show American students at or near the bottom. This is not, as some people say, a result of the exams' being unfair. We can see the same poor performance if we look at results of the National Assessment of Educational Progress (NAEP), which tests representative samples of American students in a variety of subjects.

Take the 1990 NAEP writing examination. Eleventh graders were given a number of simple writing tasks. They were asked to apply for a summer job, stating their qualifications; argue for or against establishing a bike lane in their locality; and prepare a brief news story about a haunted house, based on notes they were given. None of these assignments calls for great skill in analysis or sophisticated powers of reasoning—just the kind of competence you would need to write a memo or a letter to the editor or to apply for a job. However, the results were very poor.

On the haunted house assignment, nearly half of the students produced a response that was rated "unsatisfactory" or "minimal," and what NAEP calls minimal is barely literate. Here's an example:

> The house with no windows. This is a house with deadend hallways, 36 rooms and stairs leading to the cieling [sic]. Doorways go nowhere and all this to confuse ghosts.

The other half wrote reports that were judged to be "adequate" or better, but again, the standard was very low, as you can see from this example:

> Man builds strange house to scare ghosts. He says that he did it to confuse the ghosts. But why may we ask would he want to spend 10 years building a house. For instance there are stairs that go nowhere and hallways that go nowhere. This house had 36 rooms. If you ask me it is kind of strange.

Only 2 percent of the representative sample of eleventh graders produced an "elaborated" piece of writing that did a good job of organizing and presenting the material. In other words, with less than a year to go before high school graduation, only 2 percent were prepared to write a real college essay. (Compare this with students graduating from secondary school in Germany or France. Their exams require four-hour essays on subjects like the development of the U.S. presidency since World War II, and 30 percent of German students and over 50 percent of French students pass.)

According to a Lou Harris poll, 56 percent of the parents whose children went to work after high school considered their kids "well prepared" in writing, and so did 77 percent of the parents whose kids went on to college.

You'd think American parents would be raising the roof. Instead, according to a 1991 Lou Harris poll, 56 percent of the parents whose children went to work right after high school considered their kids "well prepared" in writing, and so did 77 percent of the parents whose children went on to college.

Why? The vast majority of these students are passing, and many of them are getting good grades. That's hard to understand when you look at the NAEP examples, but perhaps there's a clue in the story of Adele Jones, a high school algebra teacher in Georgetown, Delaware.

According to columnist Colman McCarthy (*Washington Post*, July 3, 1993), Ms. Jones's school board fired her last month for "incompetence" because she failed "too many" of her students—27 percent in 1991-92 and 42 percent in the previous academic year.

What does this mean? There's no evidence that the board has ever fired a teacher for passing students who should have failed, but in this case they fired a teacher for failing students, even though the students themselves have a lot of respect for her high standards. Over one-third of the kids in her high school walked out in protest when she was fired, and there were signs reading "I Failed Ms. Jones's Class and It Was My Fault" and "Students Fail Themselves" and "Just Because a Student Is Failing Doesn't Mean the Teacher Is."

The board is clearly much more interested in good PR than in student achievement. When "too many" kids fail, this looks bad for the school system, and parents are likely to complain. Ms. Jones mistakenly thought her job was to teach algebra and grade her students fairly, passing those who learned the material and failing those who did not. The school board has set her straight on that.

Stories like Ms. Jones's do not appear in print very often because most teachers have already gotten the message. With the firing of Ms. Jones, we can expect that the rest will, too. The students have also gotten the message. And as long as school boards and parents act as though it's the teacher's job to give every kid a passing grade—no matter what the kid knows and can do—it should not surprise us if our students' achievement stays right where it is—in the cellar.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1993 by Albert Shanker.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But what kind of attention should the administration give? The flat panel display industry fits perfectly the description of a critical industry in trouble, yet it has been the subject of continuously botched government intervention. Instead of reviving the industry, the Bush administration, the Democratic Congress and now the Clinton administration have created a model of how not to do trade and industrial policy.

The screens on laptop computers and on hand-held color televisions and the instrument panels of jet planes are flat panel displays. By the decade's end, flat panels are expected to replace the bulky cathode ray tubes in televisions, providing higher resolution but taking up far less space. Flat panels will be everywhere: in video telephones, watches, automobile dashboards, on engineering terminals and in the most advanced military technology. They constitute a key industry that will provide high profits and high-wage jobs in the twenty-first century and will also develop manufacturing skills that can be transferred to the production of other kinds of high technology. But even though American firms first developed the technology, Japanese companies command about 95 percent of flat panel sales and are poised to dominate the industry over the next decades.

American efforts to revive the industry, beginning in the late '80s, have been thwarted by short-sighted corporate leaders, unprincipled politicians, lobbyists and consultants and incompetent government officials. It has been a melodrama of errors in which each effort to rescue the failing hero has only pushed him closer to the edge of the precipice.

Act One: Like VCRs, flat panel displays were an American invention, created by General Electric and Westinghouse in the early 1970s. In the '80s a few American firms began producing sophisticated flat panels for the military, but it wasn't until the late '80s that American and Japanese firms became capable of mass producing high-resolution displays for a commercial market. By this time G.E. and other big American firms had abandoned the market, leaving it to about a dozen small but technically advanced companies such as Planar, Optical Imaging Systems (OIS) and Plasmaco. They were arrayed against Sharp, Toshiba and other large Japanese firms and one smaller, but government-subsidized, firm, Hosiden.

But as the American flat panel makers began bidding for the contracts of American laptop makers, they discovered that they were at a distinct disadvantage. They were being wildly underbid by the Japanese companies—sometimes by as much as 300 percent. And when they sought venture capital to expand, they were turned down because investors feared that they could not survive a price war. Believing that the Japanese firms were pricing their goods below cost—"dumping" them—the U.S. firms initially sought the help of the computer makers through the industry's two main trade groups, the American Electronics Association and the Computer Systems Policy Project.

The flat panel firms wanted some kind of joint research and development program, partially funded by the government and the computer makers, that would eventually make them competitive with the Japanese companies. That's exactly what Japan was doing, but the Bush administration expressed indifference, and the computer companies, focused on their short-term bottom line, rebuffed them. In desperation, seven U.S. firms, organized into the Advanced Display Manufacturers of America (ADMA), filed an anti-dumping petition with the Commerce Department in 1990.

The Commerce Department and the International Trade Commission both decided that the flat panel companies were the victim of dumping, but they dallied for months over how to penalize the Japanese companies. Under intense pressure from these companies and their Washington lobbyists and consultants, as well as from Apple, Compaq and other companies that depended on the Japanese for their inexpensive displays, Commerce and the ITC acted in a way that undercut their own findings.

The ITC had initially ruled that duties should be slapped on each company that dumped displays, but the Commerce Department persuaded the ITC to take the unusual step of distinguishing among the displays, imposing sharp duties only on the active matrix displays that were being produced by Hosiden for Apple. This spared most of the Japanese companies from annual review, split the American producers and eliminated any incentive for the American computer companies to negotiate a common strategy with American flat panel makers.

More important, the Bush administration strayed from the path that the Reagan administration had followed earlier in the semiconductor dumping dispute. It did nothing to prevent Japanese companies from selling their displays below cost to American or other companies overseas, which could then import the end products into the United States without paying duties on the displays. As a result, the ITC ruling actually encouraged American companies to move their assembly operations offshore.

The only real winners were the Japanese. Flat panel firms did not gain because the main American companies moved offshore. Companies like Apple and Compaq escaped short-run damage but became dependent for their displays on companies that were producing competing laptops, such as Sharp and Toshiba. Said one government official who deals regularly with computer makers, "If you talk to some of the systems guys, it is very scary to them how close to the edge they have to plan out their purchase of displays because they are at the mercy of Japanese partners."

Some Washington trade experts blame the dumping laws for this fiasco, but if American computer firms had looked beyond their quarterly earnings, and if the Bush administration had accepted its responsibility to aid a flagging American industry, the dispute could have been handled in a way that didn't damage American firms.

Act Two: In the aftermath of the ITC ruling, the seven

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLIC POLICY BULLETIN BOARD®

Recent Books and Reports from the Nation's Think Tanks and Advocacy Groups

THE JEFFERSON CENTER FOR NEW DEMOCRATIC PROCESSES

The ***Citizens Jury Update*** reviews the activities of the Jefferson Center, a non-partisan, non-profit political education and reform organization. The center has pioneered the development of the Citizens Jury process as a way to give greater voice to the thoughtful opinion of ordinary people. Jury panels of randomly selected representative Americans rate key campaign issues or evaluate major policy decisions. *The Philadelphia Inquirer* describes the Citizens Jury process as "an intriguing new element to the mix that can only enrich the political process." Quarterly newsletter $15/annually. 612-333-5300. Check/Visa/MC.

PERSPECTIVES ON NATIONAL SERVICE

Building a Consensus on National Service reports on the April 1993 conference sponsored by the Robert R. McCormick Tribune Foundation that brought together experts from government, academia, philanthropy, and the military for discussions on President Clinton's national service proposal and the future of national service. Conferees included **Charles Moskos, Rep. Dave McCurdy, Rep. Christopher Shays, Peter Edelman, Don Eberly, Al From, Paul McCloskey, Jr., Stansfield Turner, Jacqueline Grennan Wexler, and George Gallup, Jr**. The report, edited by Nancy Ethiel, is part of the Foundation's Cantigny Conference Series and includes new data from a Gallup survey. $10 prepaid to the National Strategy Forum, 111 West Jackson Blvd., 20th floor, Chicago, IL 60604.

National Youth Service: A Global Perspective describes national service programs and proposals in 13 countries and compares common elements of national service programs in countries as diverse as Germany, Nigeria, Botswana, Costa Rica and the United States. Bibliography, 46 pp. Edited by **Don Eberly**. $3 prepaid to the National Service Secretariat, 5140 Sherier Pl., NW, Washington D.C. 20016. Or call 202-244-5828.

HELDREF PUBLICATIONS THE JOURNAL OF EDUCATIONAL RESEARCH

"Perspectives on Education in America" Report. Published in a recent issue of *The Journal of Educational Research*, the full text of the Sandia National Laboratories report "Perspectives on Education in America" significantly addresses the debate on school reform. Copies are $9.50 and can be ordered at 202-296-6267 or 1-800-365-9753. The publisher is Heldref Publications, 1319 18th St., NW, Washington, DC 20036-1802.

HUDSON INSTITUTE

Alan Reynolds, Hudson director of economic research, analyzes Clinton's economic plan in "Tax Policy and Budget Deficits: An Alternative Perspective" (Briefing Paper #153). Reynolds argues that estimates of the yield from new taxes are clearly exaggerated, thus, the administration's plans to increase federal spending on "investment," health, and welfare must result in deficits larger than otherwise. Clinton's plan can only increase inflation, punish economic growth, and fail to reduce the deficit. (Single copies are $2.00, 25 or more are $1.00 each.) Hudson Institute, P.O. Box 26-919, Indianapolis, IN, 46226.

CENTER FOR PUBLIC POLICY, UNIVERSITY OF DENVER

New releases: ***What's Really Wrong with the American Family,*** Richard Caldwell; ***Infinite Needs, Finite Resources: The Future of Health Care,*** Richard Lamm; ***The Primacy of Production,*** Stephen Cohen; ***Out of the Ruins: A Blueprint for America's Infrastructure,*** Pat Choate; ***The Competition Time Bomb,*** Richard Caldwell and Richard Lamm. $7.50 each. Center for Public Policy and Contemporary Issues, 2301 South Gaylord, Denver, CO, 80208. 303-871-2468.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

companies in ADMA continued to agitate for government and industry help. The ADMA companies did get several million dollars from the Pentagon's Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) to create a consortium to develop new manufacturing processes, but then one of the seven, OIS, broke off from the group to seek funding on its own.

Last year Michigan glass maker Guardian Industries purchased majority shares in OIS. Guardian is run by Bill Davidson, who also owns the Detroit Pistons and likes to throw his weight around in Michigan and in national politics. Guardian fired OIS's management and last June sent Guardian executives Ralph Gerson and Peter Young to Capitol Hill to seek funding from Michigan's delegation on behalf of OIS. They claimed OIS had the backing of Apple, which had promised to buy its displays.

They bad-mouthed the other flat panel companies and ignored the Senate and House members who had been working for flat panel funding. Instead, they recruited Representative Bob Carr and Senator Donald Riegle to do their bidding. Both men had benefited from Davidson's and Guardian's largess—the $2,025 contribution Carr received last fall was the largest given out by Guardian's PAC—but they claimed that they were simply helping to revive the American flat panel industry. When I asked Carr's press secretary about the congressman's interest in flat panel displays, he replied that Carr owned an Apple 180. He couldn't remember what it was called.

Carr, who sits on the Appropriations Committee, inserted a funding proposal into DARPA's budget for a new $50 million manufacturing facility that would produce advanced matrix displays for the military—OIS's specialty—while Riegle got Senator Daniel Inouye, the chairman of the Defense Appropriations Subcommittee, to back the proposal in the Senate and final conference report. "They worded the language so the money would go only to OIS," said a staffer who was familiar with the legislation. It was done so quietly that few staff members on the Appropriations or Armed Service Committee knew where the language was or how it got inserted there.

Guardian's strategy seems to have worked. In May OIS announced that it had received the $50 million grant—by far the largest flat panel award that DARPA (now redesignated ARPA) had ever given. But as anyone familiar with the industry could have told Riegle and Carr, what is good for OIS and Guardian isn't necessarily good for the flat panel industry. OIS has a dismal record. It has never turned a profit. From June '91 to June '92, it lost $5.7 million on sales of $5.8 million.

OIS also specializes in flat panels for military rather than commercial uses, and the kinds of displays it makes may soon become outmoded. If the United States wants to establish a flat panel industry, it has to build a commercial industry—both because that's where the profits and customers are and because in high technology, military innovation now follows commercial innovation rather than vice versa.

The OIS grant has already become an embarrassment to ARPA. It won't become official until the end of July, and ARPA spokeswoman Jan Walker would not acknowledge that it had been made or reveal any details of ARPA's deliberations.

Act Three: While Congress was unknowingly approving Carr and Riegle's measure, OIS surprised its fellow flat panel producers on November 4 by asking the Commerce Department to remove the duties on flat panel displays. This immediately raised suspicions on Capitol Hill of a secret deal between OIS and Apple, whereby Apple supported OIS's funding request in exchange for OIS requesting that the duties be revoked. What has happened since has strengthened these suspicions and raised questions about whether industrial policy will fare any better under Clinton than under Bush.

When the Clinton administration came in, the Commerce Department began reviewing OIS's request for revoking the duties. At the same time, Laura Tyson, the new chair of the Council of Economic Advisers, initiated an interagency study of the flat panel industry, involving staff from the National Economic Council and the Departments of Commerce, Treasury and Defense. The group is expected to present its recommendations for a new strategy by the end of this summer.

But on June 21, without warning, Commerce Secretary Ron Brown announced that he was revoking the duties. The result was not unexpected, but the timing was. Brown was under no obligation to act quickly, and government officials working on the interagency task force expected that Commerce's decision would be announced as part of a broader industry strategy.

The finger again pointed to Apple, whose chairman, John Sculley, and vice president, David Barram, were key Clinton campaign backers and intimates of the president and Brown. Sculley acknowledged that he had talked to Brown about revoking the duties, and Clinton nominated Barram to be Brown's deputy secretary of commerce a week after the decision. The decision to revoke the duties, one senior government official argued, "was politically driven. It was made at a high level, and it has John Sculley's name written all over it."

At best, Brown's action reflected drift and incompetence within the Commerce Department. But at worst, it reeked of the kind of K Street maneuvering that many people feared would happen under the former lobbyist's leadership. The Clinton administration would have an industrial policy all right, but it would be dictated by private services rendered or promised.

Some neoclassical economists would conclude from this sorry history that industrial policy is futile and that it is always better for the government to stand aside. But doing nothing in this case would have ceded a critical industry to Japan. The United States doesn't have to dominate flat panel manufacturing, but it has to have a foothold in order to prevent its electronics firms, and even its military, from operating at a disadvantage for decades to come. And the initial investment in flat panel manufacturing is now

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so large that a company can't undertake it without subsidies and some assured sales.

If there is a moral to this story, it is that in the absence of crisis and a sense of higher national purpose—such as war or depression—industrial and trade policy have often degenerated into pork-barrel politicking. For this not to occur, the president has to inculcate in business leaders, Congress and his own officials a broader conception of the national interest. Otherwise, just as has happened with flat panel displays, the special attention government gives and the money it spends will be wasted. •

Japan's post-cold war destiny.

THE TREMOR

By Chalmers Johnson

On June 18 Prime Minister Kiichi Miyazawa lost a vote of no-confidence in the Japanese Diet that precipitated a meltdown of the Liberal Democratic Party, which had governed the country since 1955. A month later, on July 18, a light turnout of Japanese voters gave the LDP 223 seats in the lower house of the 511-seat Diet, a fifty-two-seat loss. This left it the largest party in the country, but shy of the majority needed to form a government; whatever internal cohesiveness it may have had was shattered. The disintegration of the LDP is one of the most significant political events in recent years. And it is largely attributable to the cold war's end.

But let us be clear about what these events do not mean. They do not mean that American fantasies about Japan are about to come true. One of the most persistent sources of tension between Japan and the United States is the American presumption that Japan is in some way our clone and that American ways of thinking about politics are appropriate for Japanese politics. For example, under the headline POWER SHIFT IN JAPAN, *Business Week* called the members of the LDP who joined in the vote of no-confidence "young Turks." It wrote, "Representing the new generation are the two men who toppled Miyazawa—Ichiro Ozawa and Tsutomu Hata." This was too much for the *Mainichi Daily News*. "When you're talking Japan," it wrote, "you can put anything past Peoria. So, Americans believe it when their very own bylined correspondent refers to a couple of power-grubbing sclerotics like Tsutomu Hata and Ichiro Ozawa as 'young Turks.'"

Even *The New York Times* proclaimed CLINTON COURTS YOUNG JAPANESE REBELS. But who are these young rebels? Both are older than Clinton. Hata, 57, is a former minister of finance and the inventor of the idea that American beef should be kept out of Japan because Japanese intestines are too long to digest it. Ozawa, 51, is the hawkish former secretary general of the LDP. Both are members of the formerly dominant faction in the party, the one founded by Kakuei Tanaka, who was arrested in 1976 in the Lockheed bribery scandal. In 1987 Tanaka's faction was taken away from him by Noboru Takeshita, who was forced out two years later as prime minister because of his involvement with the Recruit Company bribery scandal.

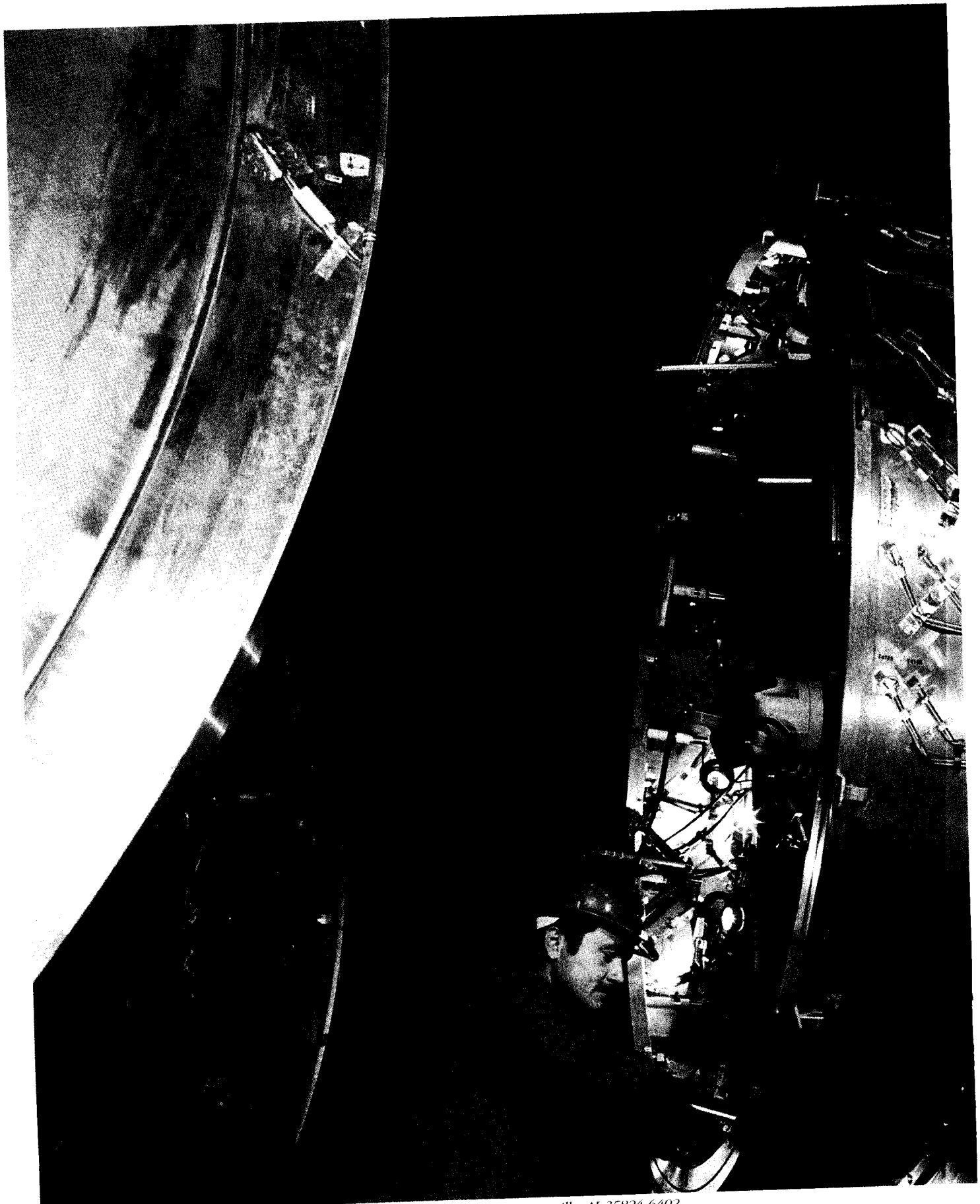
Hata, Ozawa and their followers are not young Turks, baby boomers or mavericks on the fringes of power. They are also not consumer advocates, as so many Americans from the president on down would like to believe. Given that in 1992 Japan had a $134 billion trade surplus with the rest of the world, and that consumption there is only 56 percent of gross output compared with more than 68 percent in the United States, it is no surprise that Americans hope, pray and even jump to the conclusion that a consumer revolution is about to occur in Japan.

It never seems to have dawned on the American officials at the Tokyo summit that the Japanese, who have known about the split in the LDP since late last year, might have stage-managed this bout of "political instability" precisely because they knew it would lead U.S. officials to postpone their demands for trade and other economic reforms. After all, only the Germans made concessions toward global economic recovery by lowering their interest rates on the eve of the summit. Nonetheless, the Americans came away proclaiming that they had won a new "framework" for discussing trade imbalances with the Japanese—just as they have in the past with Action Plans, MOSS Talks, Maekawa Reports, Plaza Accords and Structural Impediments Initiatives.

continued on page 24

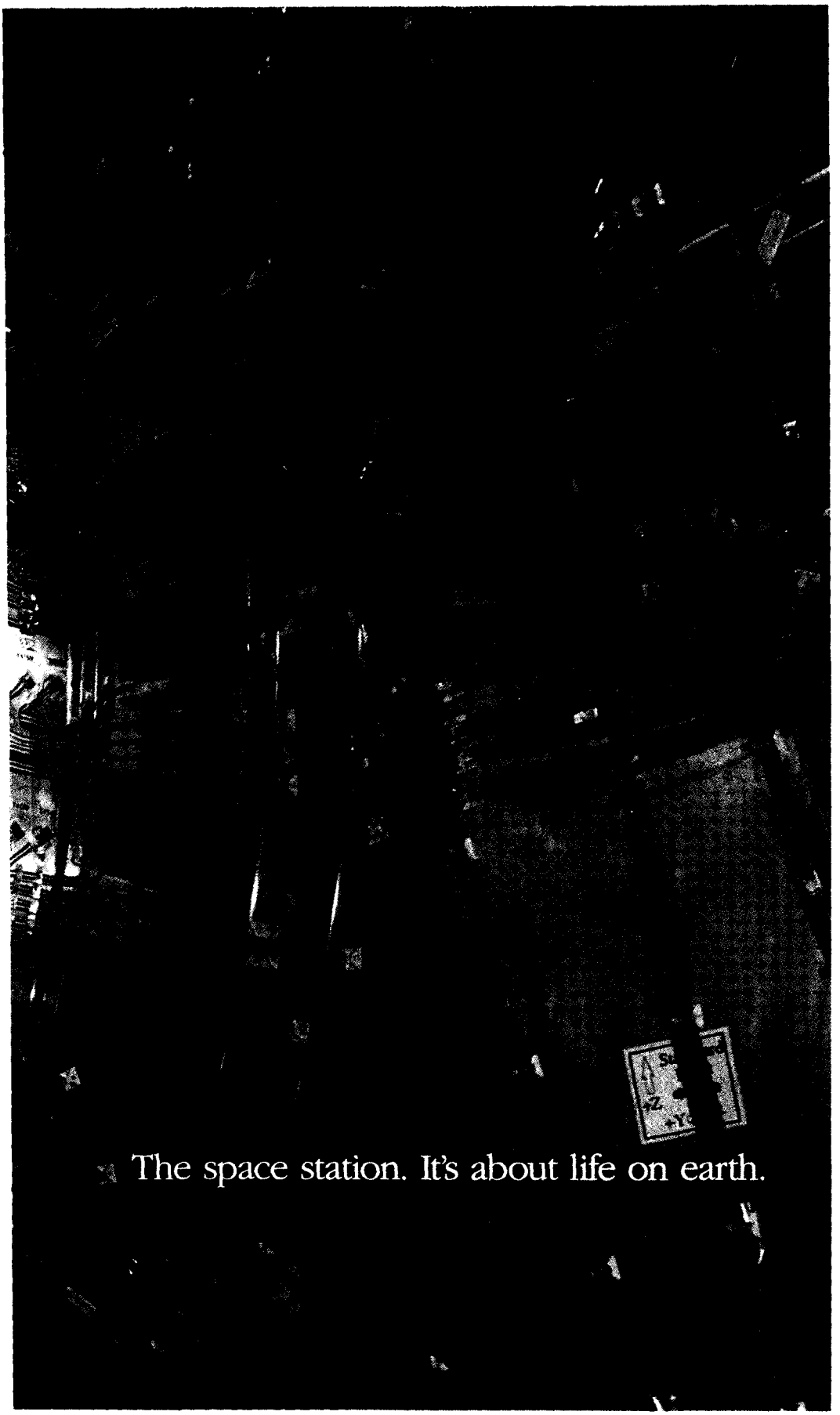
CHALMERS JOHNSON is Rohr Professor of Pacific International Relations at the University of California, San Diego.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



For more information, write to Boeing, P.O. Box 240002, M/S JW-49, Dept. N, Huntsville, AL 35824-6402.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Many thousands of workers in 39 states will help build the space station — including the Boeing people who are working on the structure right now.

The first of the space station's laboratories will be placed into orbit soon to begin a 30-year lifetime of research.

What scientists learn there about human health and medicine, about materials, and about the earth itself will touch all our lives.

If history is a guide to the future, the space station will do far more than we even know how to imagine — create jobs that don't yet exist for Americans not yet born; provide answers to questions we don't yet know how to ask.

But what we do know now is how to proceed. And that's exactly what skilled and energetic workers across America are doing at this very moment.

BOEING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So does the political crisis in Japan signal that change has really begun, or is it merely a distraction to gain more time? The answer is probably both.

The end of the cold war brought about many unintended consequences, including the popular domestic outcries against the political systems of both Italy and Japan. Throughout the standoff, the United States supported the ruling Italian and Japanese elites with alliances, funds, access to the American market and, when needed, CIA assistance. The aim was to prevent the Italian Communist Party or the Japan Socialist Party from coming to power, even though both were considered legitimate—in Italy because of partisan activity against the Germans during World War II, and in Japan because of opposition to the Japanese-American Security Treaty. Had either party come to power, it would have broken with the United States and adopted policies of neutralism at best or alliance with the Soviet Union or China at worst. Therefore, neither Italy nor Japan developed a genuine two-party system, like that in Germany, in part because of the bipolar strategic implications of their doing so. In both countries the United States supported regimes that were known to have connections with the neo-fascist right and the criminal underworld—the Mafia in Italy and the *yakuza* in Japan—simply because they were anti-Communist. It should come as no surprise, then, that Italy and Japan experienced severe political crises as soon as the cold war rationale for their ruling establishments disappeared.

It is important that the Americans recall their own part in creating and maintaining the LDP. The United States did not object when the Japanese used mobsters in the 1950s and 1960s against leftist demonstrations, but it was astonished when, in 1992, it was revealed that the LDP was close to the mob and that the formation of the Takeshita Cabinet in 1987 had been influenced by neo-fascist and underworld advisers. As Robert Orr of Temple University's campus in Japan recently put it, "Being surprised that the Japanese mob has had strong ties with the ruling party is almost like being surprised that the Soviet Politburo was run by Communists."

The costs of the long reign of the LDP were high. For more than forty years, rule by the iron triangle of LDP, bureaucracy and big business resulted in adversarial trade, astronomically high prices for consumers in Japan, cramped housing and misuse of land, slavish working conditions and few legal remedies for bad products or medical malpractice. The Japanese people tolerated all this as the price of economic achievement, but as they learned that party leaders were padding their own accounts and paying off mobsters, patience grew thin. In short, the collapse of cold war imperatives, combined with generational and demographic pressures caused in part by the Japanese public's long period of forced underconsumption, began to push the political system into a crisis of leadership and legitimacy.

Corruption is an unavoidable cost of all political systems, but it is a particularly acute problem in strong state systems such as Japan's. These costs have been mitigated in Japan by an informal division of labor in which a talented elite of bureaucrats actually rules while the elected politicians only reign. In the United States the president can appoint several thousand high government officials and is personally responsible for the executive branch of government. In Japan the prime minister can appoint only twenty-three people—twenty ministers and three party officials—and even these choices must reflect internal factional balancing rather than his policies. Japan's permanent government, its elite bureaucracy, does not depend on elections to remain in power. Corruption in this system was until recently restricted to the elected politicians, who sold access to and influence over the bureaucrats. Over time they have become so expert at it that they may now be corrupting both the bureaucrats they lobby and the businessmen they represent.

Since 1975 the Japanese have experienced some eighteen major political corruption scandals affecting virtually every elected member of the ruling party. These have included the Lockheed case, the Seoul subway case, the Douglas-Grumman case, the Heiwa Bank case, the Recruit case, the Itoman case, the Sagawa Kyubin case, the Kyowa Steel Company case and the Kanemaru corruption case. This is not to mention innumerable instances of money laundering, rigging of stock prices, unsecured speculation in golf courses and artworks and other forms of racketeering. None of this truly shook the Japanese political system until the Sagawa case, which revealed that the leaders of the LDP had been working with the neo-nationalist right and the *yakuza.*

Sagawa Kyubin is Japan's second-largest delivery company, after Japan Express. In 1991 it had $7.8 billion in sales, 25,000 employees and a fleet of 14,000 trucks. For at least thirty years it has contributed money to politicians—to gain influence with the Ministry of Transportation, which has authority over its business—and to criminal gangs—to help it get around local traffic laws and "fix" accidents. Sagawa Kyubin also used its political connections to delay the entry of Federal Express and other American competitors into Japan. Over time, Sagawa became a conduit between the political world and the underworld.

Sagawa's primary political connection was with former Prime Minister Tanaka, but according to the Japanese press, Sagawa also made multimillion-dollar contributions to former Prime Minister Takeshita, Deputy Prime Minister Shin Kanemaru, the so-called young Turk Ozawa and Prime Minister Miyazawa. Altogether the company gave money to between 130 and 200 LDP and opposition members of the Diet.

Sagawa's underworld tie was to the Inagawa-kai, which, according to the 1992 FBI report "The Threat of Japanese Organized Crime to the United States and Its Territories," is Japan's third-largest criminal syndicate. In 1991 Sagawa supplied the money with which Susumu Ishii, then head of the Inagawa-kai, manipulated the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY ALL AMERICANS SHOULD SUPPORT A MORATORIUM ON IMMIGRATION

FACT: More alien workers entered the U.S. labor market in 1992 than jobs were created, according to Immigration Service and Department of Labor statistics. America's disadvantaged workers suffer disproportionately from the steady influx of low-skilled, low-wage labor. The Zoe Baird incident was only the tip of the iceberg.

FACT: The Census Bureau now projects that there will be 383 million Americans in 2050, largely because of what *The Washington Post* describes as "massive immigration." That's 50 percent more Americans than there are today, and 83 million more than the Census Bureau projected just four years ago.

FACT: Thousands of illegal immigrants enter the country every day—2 million to 3 million a year. The law admits more immigrants and other workers than the economy can absorb. Fake documents are easily obtained, providing access to benefits meant for legal residents.

Our national political leadership is apparently unaware that a majority of Americans of all ethnic backgrounds favor reduced immigration (Roper Poll, May 1992; Latino National Political Survey, December 1992). In fact, immigration policymakers seem more concerned with pleasing the special interests than doing the will of the people they are elected to serve.

THE FEDERATION FOR AMERICAN IMMIGRATION REFORM (FAIR) WANTS TO CHANGE THAT.

FAIR is working for a moratorium on immigration until the United States can:

- ✔ substantially eliminate illegal immigration;
- ✔ establish a secure work authorization system;
- ✔ revise immigration law to reduce overall numbers; and
- ✔ complete a comprehensive analysis of the long-term demographic, environmental, cultural and economic effects of future immigration and population growth.

Join FAIR: We're a national, pro-limits population organization working to stop illegal immigration and cap legal immigration. It's time for you to get involved and help make a difference in America's future.

FAIR

For more information call:
800/395-0890

Enroll me as a member of FAIR.

I want to be a:

- ❑ Sponsoring Member ($100)
- ❑ Sustaining Member ($50)
- ❑ Member ($25)

❑ Please send me more information about FAIR.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Please enclose a check or money order and send to:

FAIR, 1666 Connecticut Ave., N.W.
Suite 400
Washington, D.C. 20009 NR 993

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shares of the Tokyu Railroad Co. Ishii's partner in these activities was Nomura Securities, the world's largest securities company; and the revelation of Nomura's ties to the demimonde was the first contemporary sign of the mob's influence.

In light of the Nomura scandal, the public prosecutor's office, the Japanese equivalent of the U.S. attorney general's office, began to keep a close watch on Sagawa. On February 13, 1992, it raided the offices of Sagawa and the Inagawa-kai. Information from these raids gave it a case against the most powerful figure in Japan's political world: Shin Kanemaru, deputy prime minister, *kuromaku* extraordinaire (that is, behind-the-scenes power broker) and "godfather" of the last four prime ministers of Japan, including Miyazawa. Though the prosecutors turned up a lot of evidence against Kanemaru, he was simply too formidable to handle. He admitted to the press that he had taken a shopping basket full of cash from Sagawa, worth some $4 million; and he paid a fine of $1,700 for doing so without even having to appear at the police station. The fine was less than an overnight parking ticket in Tokyo.

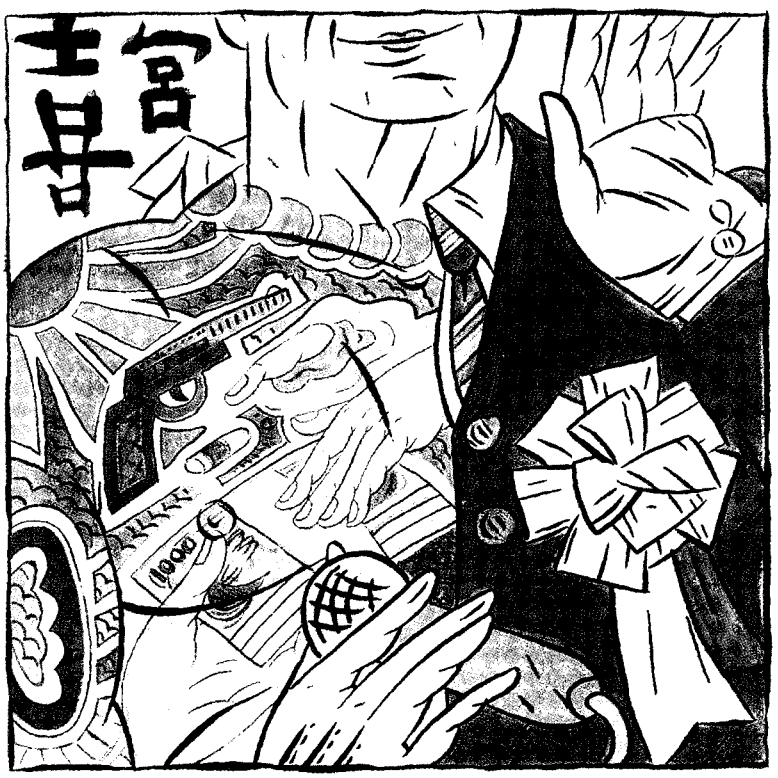


ILLUSTRATION BY MILAN TRENC FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The Japanese public started to do a slow burn. It was apparent that Kanemaru thought himself above the law. In mid-October 1992 a Self-Defense Forces officer on active duty suggested in a popular weekly magazine that perhaps a coup d'état would be an appropriate way to clean up the political system. This sent a shudder through everyone old enough to remember the era of military politics. Kanemaru, who was born in 1914, finally got the message that he was an embarrassment to the system, and in November 1992 he resigned from the Diet.

Meanwhile, the public prosecutor's office had been humiliated by its failure to treat Kanemaru like any other citizen charged with a felony. It therefore started putting together a case against him. The investigation revealed that in 1987 a neo-fascist organization had used sound trucks to heckle Takeshita, who was then running for prime minister. To get rid of this noisy nuisance, Takeshita asked his friends at Sagawa to help him out. Sagawa talked with members of the Inagawa-kai, who in turn talked with the rightists, who in turn said that they were angry because Takeshita had not remained loyal to former Prime Minister Tanaka. They demanded that he apologize to Tanaka and pay them off—which he did, even though Tanaka refused to accept the apology. Kanemaru was the go-between in these negotiations.

Revelations that the Inagawa-kai had played a part in Takeshita's rise to power put a new and more sinister face on what the Japanese call "money-power politics." That the rightists and gangsters had influence wildly out of proportion to their numbers in Japanese society was further underscored when, in May 1992, mobsters attacked and slashed the face of the prominent film director Juzo Itami (*Tampopo, A Taxing Woman*) because they objected to his satires of Japanese punks and petty criminals. On March 7, 1993, probably acting with the encouragement of Justice Minister Masaharu Gotoda, the Tokyo prosecutors arrested Kanemaru and charged him with income tax evasion. This time they jailed and interrogated him for twenty-three days, the maximum allowed under Japanese law before charges must be pressed.

In the course of arresting Kanemaru, the prosecutors searched his office and that of his son. There they turned up some $50 million to $70 million in cash, untraceable bearer bonds and gold bars. Finally, they had evidence that political contributions were being diverted for private use. And this was serious money. Kanemaru had admitted only to receiving $4 million from Sagawa. Where did he get the $50 million that he kept in the office safe? The answer turned out to be from the construction industry, which for more than thirty years has been paying off politicians to see that the Ministry of Construction keeps foreign competitors out of Japan's public works projects and that there is no interference with the industry's bid-rigging. The prosecutors followed up by raiding the offices of Japan's major construction firms. This produced such a gold mine of documents that arrests are likely to continue for several more years.

Miyazawa dealt with all of this by promising "reform." But he could not engineer a reform program that the LDP's old guard and the opposition parties would accept. The opposition had to be consulted because, since 1989 and the last big corruption scandal, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recruit case, it has controlled the upper house of the Diet. Miyazawa asked that political reform be delayed until the next regular session of the Diet, and the opposition introduced its motion of no-confidence. Hata, Ozawa and their followers voted with the opposition, thereby precipitating the fall of the government and the general election.

A future coalition government may finally undertake some political reforms. But other than ending Japan's peculiar system of multimember constituencies—which has been a major cause of LDP factionalism and vote-buying—it is not at all clear what this will entail. Reform may simply mean reconstituting the old system with a rebuilt LDP. It might mean the resurgence of the bureaucracy, to which Japan has always turned in times of crisis and change. It might result in a rejuvenation of the constitution and a greater degree of democracy. Whatever the outcome, it is certain to be a Japanese solution and not one that necessarily confirms or conforms to American political theory. It may well be that this current crisis is merely the Japanese way of shifting from one overarching national goal—that of economic growth—to a new one, perhaps that of leadership in Asia.

Japan's not yet fully revealed goal for the end of this century appears to be the reconstitution of the Greater East Asia Co-prosperity sphere—but this time based on real prosperity and not created at the point of a bayonet. In 1992 Japan's trade surplus with the market economies of East Asia was roughly $40 billion. This is approximately the same amount as Japan's surplus with the entire European Community, which is four times larger in terms of GNP. Japan is also mainland China's leading trading partner, its leading investment partner, its leading source of foreign aid and its leading source of technology—and China's economy is growing at a rate of more than 10 percent per year. The reason for these patterns in Asia is that Japan is the major supplier of intermediate producer goods—things the other Asian economies cannot yet manufacture themselves—which are then incorporated into finished products that are exported to the American market. Japan is the primary beneficiary of this trading system, as its huge trade surplus reveals. But the U.S. economy is not growing fast enough to continue to absorb all of this output: sometime in the not too distant future a crunch is coming in the Pacific. Regardless of its politicians' intentions or its economists' sermons, the United States is going to end its historic role as the main market for East Asian manufactured goods because it will no longer be able to pay for them.

When that happens, Japan will have to shift to an economy driven by domestic demand. If and when it does so, its long-suffering consumers will begin to profit from the country's wealth. Presumably Japan will also begin to take on some of the qualities of a hegemonic power, supplying aid and assistance to its neighbors because help is needed rather than because it is profitable. Presumably Japan will not provide military security for the region, and it is as yet unclear how such needs will be met in a post-cold war world. Perhaps some form of collective security organization will be developed, as President Clinton suggested when he was in Korea. But whatever happens, Japan is destined to shift from being a producer-driven economy to a consumer-driven economy.

Is the Japanese political crisis of 1993 a sign that this transition has begun? Probably not. Though Japan has already achieved economic influence over the other nations of East Asia, this power is not yet sufficient or sufficiently obvious to cause the other Asian nations to acquiesce to a Japan-dominated East Asian economic group. Japan hoped to continue its strategy of acquiring economic leverage in Asia under the cover of market forces. But two things have intervened: China is moving to advance its own leadership in the region, and the United States has committed itself to economic reform. (Japan's economic planners had estimated that the Americans would not begin to take their decline seriously until the 1996 presidential election.)

Japan did not expect to have to shift to a domestic-demand-driven economy until after its position in Asia was unassailable. From the point of view of Japanese strategists concerned with their country's post-cold war future, shifting to a consumer economy now would be premature. If the Americans can be satisfied with the appearance of Japanese cooperation, giving Japan more time to consolidate its position in Asia, that is what the Japanese will do. In this context, then, the political turmoil in Tokyo is less a harbinger of genuine change than a diversion.

In the July 18 election the LDP actually won four *more* seats than it commanded a month earlier after the fifty-five members who sided with the opposition had left the party. The Hata-Ozawa group retained the same number of seats after the election that it had as a faction within the LDP. All gains by the new parties came at the expense of the Socialists, not of the LDP.

Under these circumstances, the most likely outcome in the Diet is a takeover of the LDP by its reformist wing, led by former Prime Minister Toshiki Kaifu. Not having been tainted by any scandal, this group has earned the greatest trust and reputation for integrity among the Japanese people of any political party. In order to govern, it will have to form a coalition with the newly formed conservative parties not allied with the Hata-Ozawa group, whose past corruption and defection from the party make reconciliation difficult.

Such a government will be an improvement over the current one, but it will not necessarily please the United States. Though it will continue to appear cooperative, it will also be aware that America, with its many problems, is no longer a popular role model for the Japanese. Such a government will leave most policy initiatives to its state officials. Above all, such a government will buy time for Japan to consolidate its position in Asia, while it thinks about how to adjust to the post-cold war world. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

National Guard

Clint Eastwood has become a transformative power. In *Unforgiven*, which he also directed, his presence was so thaumaturgic that it exalted a screenplay full of holes and windy assumptions. The worldwide hosannas for *Unforgiven*, in hoarse awestruck tones, were tributes to Eastwood himself, to his alchemical ability to transmute dross into seeming gold. **In the Line of Fire** (Columbia), which he did not direct, may possibly get the same reception; but even if it doesn't, it once again demonstrates Eastwood's power to enlarge a film through his persona.

In the Line of Fire is a good story—at least it's a fresh setting, literally and ethically, for a familiar story. Sherlock Holmes versus Professor Moriarty and Jodie Foster of the FBI versus the cannibalistic Anthony Hopkins are only two of the antecedents for the detective-versus-mastermind tale told here. This time it's Frank Horrigan (Eastwood) of the Secret Service against Mitch Leary (John Malkovich), a malevolent wizard who announces his intent to assassinate the president of the United States.

Jeff McGuire's screenplay moves to characterize the two opponents. Horrigan was on the running board of President Kennedy's car in Dallas and failed to take with his own body the bullet aimed at the president, which Secret Service agents are trained to do. Leary is an ex-CIA operative who has become a "wet boy," an agent so versed in killing, so addicted to it, that it has become easy and pleasurable for him. Horrigan is worm-eaten with guilt and almost longs for a chance to compensate, to perform for the current president the duty that he fumbled in 1963. Leary has become bored with conventional life, has embarked on his lethal mission "to punctuate the dreariness" of existence, has chosen Horrigan as his antagonist and means to bring both their lives to fulfillment—whoever wins—in the assassination attempt.

Moving from Washington to Los Angeles and to other places as the president travels, Leary telephones Horrigan from time to time, making sure that his calls cannot be traced, indulging in quasi-Nietzschean, quasi-Beckettian monologues. We watch him as he sets up the background and the equipment for his crime, murdering as he needs to along the way. We watch Horrigan attempting to catch up with him, trying excessively, being reprimanded and reassigned, and finally, of course, coming to grips with his opponent at the climax.

Every genre screenplay carries its own specific baggage. Here we get the obligatory intradepartmental squabbles at the Secret Service; the younger sidekick of Horrigan's whose fate is sealed by his very niceness; the love-sex interest. One of Horrigan's colleagues is played by the highly attractive Rene Russo, who at first dislikes the hard-bitten Horrigan, then sees the suffering vulnerable man within, and so on. The obligatory bed scene—coitus interruptus, as it turns out, by a call to duty—is preceded by a witty twist on a cliché. The camera follows the feet of the pair as they move across the carpet to bed, but instead of the usual necktie and shirt and dress and bra, what fall to the floor are the pair's pistols and handcuffs and the other equipment that agents carry.

McGuire's dialogue, particularly for the two principals, is above the ordinary, even above most attempts to be above the ordinary. Leary is drawn as a frigid, hyperclever man who sees his own desperate boredom so clearly that he can scarcely see anything else. The part fits Malkovich well, and he exploits it fully. Because he has appeared in a wide range of roles—for instance, the debonair rogue in *The Object of Beauty* and Lennie in *Of Mice and Men*—Malkovich is being called a versatile actor. He isn't really: he's just an ambitious one. Most of his performances for too many years have been perfunctory. With Leary, however, he gets a role that calls exactly for his timbre, especially his arrogance, which intruded on other parts and suits this one.

But it is Eastwood who makes this film. He is reaping the rewards of a long career. He began in 1955, had some success in a T.V. Western series, then spent some years in Italy making spaghetti Westerns. (Other things, too. I once saw an Italian anthology film called *The Witches*. In one section, directed by Vittorio De Sica, Eastwood did a musical number with Silvana Mangano. Dreadful.) A good deal of his subsequent American career was in mystical Westerns or Dirty Harry police stuff. In all of them, as he aged, he became a distillation of some American prototypes: the Bogart crime fighter who gets his code

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Guilty As Sin. *Strong performances—by Rebecca De Mornay as a defense attorney and Don Johnson as her client accused of murder—give this twisty thriller some texture. Sidney Lumet directs forcefully. (Reviewed 7/5/93)* **Menace II Society.** *Two 20-year-old brothers, Allen and Albert Hughes, co-direct some familiar material about dangerous lives in Watts—and give it fresh, dreadful validity. (7/5/93)* **Much Ado About Nothing.** *People are beginning to compare the number of times they've seen it. For me, I'm ashamed to say, only twice—so far. (5/10/93)* **The Music of Chance.** *Philip Haas directs Paul Auster's novel in perfect cinematic terms. James Spader and Mandy Patinkin play the two men who pay an eerie price for losing a poker game. (6/21/93)* **—SK**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from himself, not from society; the Gary Cooper who is stubbornly self-reliant when others fail him; the Henry Fonda who is tinctured with a sensitivity that is a handicap in a world of fierce junctures. (I've noted before that Eastwood's stance and gait come more and more to resemble the older Fonda.)

So resonant is Eastwood with these mythical American qualities that when he gets a role of any depth, he sets it echoing. All this in addition to the very *ease* we feel in his company after these many years. Thus his role here, as a Lord Jim of the Secret Service, overflows its original dimensions and involves more elements than may have been bargained for. His guilt—at failing to save a president who (he thinks) might have greatly benefited America's future—becomes symbolic of a vague, oppressive national guilt. (A touch of which certified *JFK* under all its impossibilities.) When he makes his frantic lunge at the end to save the president, it's almost like a great national cry for expiation.

Three other people contribute importantly to Eastwood's apotheosis and to the steely texture of the film. The cinematographer, John Bailey (*The Accidental Tourist, The Big Chill*), lights every scene freshly, helpfully. His cityscapes, particularly of Washington and L.A., are talismans of sheer power. Anne V. Coates, who edited *Lawrence of Arabia* long ago and many good films since, fits the pieces of this picture together like finely tooled metal parts clicking into place.

And Wolfgang Petersen, the director, revitalizes a reputation that has been faltering ever since *Das Boot* (1981). Like his colleagues, Petersen tackles familiar material with a vigor that makes it fresh. There are novel touches, too. With Leary, for instance, instead of first showing him only from the back or in shadow, Petersen concentrates on immense close-ups of the lower half of the assassin's face, thus making him at once close and unknown. But best of all he understands, and celebrates cinematically, the Eastwood mystique. •

Ross Perot and the corruption of populism.

Pox Populi

By Sean Wilentz

On November 7, 1969, a week before the huge anti-war moratorium demonstrations, *The New York Times* ran a full-page advertisement in support of the Nixon administration's policy in Vietnam. A similar advertisement appeared two days later; and then, on November 15, the *Times* reported that the pro-Nixon advertisers had blanketed the country with 25 million postcards backing the president, to be signed and returned to the advertisers' headquarters. The name of the group behind the effort was United We Stand, Inc. Its chairman was H. Ross Perot.

The more that we learn (or in this case, recall) about Perot, the more incredible become his claims that his movement is, as he writes in the first of his two manifestos, "a spontaneous, grass-roots outpouring." The *Times*'s files, along with some remarkable footage from 1970 recently aired on "Nightline," show that he has been contemplating a political mobilization (complete with plans for electronic town halls) for twenty-five years. Some disgruntled ex-Perot supporters have complained to the press that United We Stand resembles a militaristic political cult. On close inspection, informed critics say, Perot is not the populist that he claims to be. He is, instead, an egomaniac with a clever sales pitch and a fortune to spend.

United We Stand:
How We Can Take Back Our Country
by Ross Perot
(Hyperion, 115 pp., $4.95 paper)

Not for Sale at Any Price: How We Can Save America for Our Children
by Ross Perot
(Hyperion, 158 pp., $5.95 paper)

The startling thing about these discoveries is that they come so late. To be sure, Perot and his advisers did a masterful job of evading public scrutiny during last year's on-again, off-again media blitz; the costs of having Perot look like a skittish and unserious candidate appear to have been offset by the benefits of having stayed out of the line of fire for much of the campaign. But even when Perot was actively in the race, the coverage of him tended to focus more on his prickly personality and his use of talk shows and "infomercials" than on what he represents in the larger scheme of American politics. Reporters, especially television reporters, rarely delved into Perot's long political past. More important, most of them seemed unaware that Perot has in fact updated some of the oldest existing currents in our political history. United We Stand's chief innovation is not its use of technology, but its existence as a tycoon's political plaything, the first credible national vehicle of its kind independent of the established parties. In other respects, however, Perot is nothing new in American politics. He is one of its clichés.

To read Perot's programmatic literature is to be reminded of several strains of American politics at once. Perot's image as an anti-politician, unsullied by pork-barrel grease or backroom cigar smoke, has roots that go back to the earliest days of the republic. As Alan Brinkley has observed, Perot's fondness for computer gimmickry and for statistics and charts (one-third of his latest book consists of visual aids) recalls the technocrats of the early twentieth century, and the technocratic conceit that even the most stubborn policy problems will yield before scientific, managerially sound solutions.

The boot-camp, can-do spirit that Perot evokes (with debts to his days as a Navy cadet) brings to mind the perennial American fascination with celebrated military commanders, from Andrew Jackson to Dwight Eisenhower, as potential statesmen. (Remember the boomlet to replace Dan Quayle with Norman Schwarzkopf on the Republican ticket?) And Perot's invocation of business standards as a universal yardstick for measuring institutional performance—"in business, people are held accountable"—is pure boilerplate in the land of Henry Ford. Nor is there much that is new in Perot's ominous corollary, that business corporations and the federal government are basically similar organizations—that, as he puts it, "the United States is the largest and most complex business enterprise in the history of mankind."

But it is Perot's populism, his railing against the nation's political elites and his vaunting of the rest of us, "the owners of this country, THE PEOPLE," that binds together his disparate political messages and fires up his followers. Since populism often gets portrayed as democracy's twin, it is easy to get con-

Sean Wilentz is professor of history at Princeton University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fused about Perot's place in the populist lineage. Populism, after all, takes its name from the Southern and Western farmers' revolt of the 1880s and 1890s that led to the rise of the People's Party—which was a remarkably democratic movement, dedicated to checking the excessive private and political power of monopolies, banks and other monied interests. It was not exactly the sort of movement that Perot has built.

Yet the People's Party was not immune to certain broader and more troubling habits in American political thinking: a sentimentalization of the virtuous producers; a rendering of history as the product of conspiratorial plots; and an appeal to prejudices about educated Easterners, rich Jews and the usual cast of cosmopolitan villains. Some of the original Populists' arguments pitted a corrupt and purposeful minority of parasitic outsiders against the people: a simplified view of political realities even in the 1890s. At its crudest, Populist rhetoric reduced the genuine injuries and the real economic grievances of rural life to a melodrama, treating impersonal structural trends in highly personal terms.

Recent historians have argued convincingly that these troubling traits were hardly peculiar to dissident farmers, and that in any event they played a marginal role in galvanizing the original farmers' revolt. Without question, however, the melodrama played well enough in the wider political culture to leave the populist impulse open to imitation by a broad range of publicists, crackpots and mere politicians. These less attractive populisms have covered the political landscape so thickly that it has become difficult to remember any other kind.

There has been the curdled populism of frustrated radicals and reformers (beginning with the original Populist-turned-racist Thomas E. Watson) who gravitated, in the face of adversity, toward panaceas, racial theories and the politics of hate. There has been the calculated populism of large corporations, from the silver miners' lobby of the 1890s to the flag-waving corporate protectionists of our own time, that plays on public distress, class tensions and nationalist fervor. There has been the personalist populism of political strongmen (Huey Long is the classic case) who have blended demagoguery and substantive reforms with the building of one-man empires.

The last half-century has been particularly rich in American populisms. The Great Depression brought the masquerade-populism of what used to be called the Popular Front, cloaking its Leninism in tributes to The People. In the wake of the New Deal, a distinct right-wing populism, from polemicists such as the 1930s "radio priest" Father Coughlin to today's Populist Party, has turned the old resentments of monied privilege into attacks on federal bureaucrats, academic experts, secular humanists and liberals in general.

There was a strongly populist cast to much of the white Southern resistance to civil rights in the 1950s and 1960s, which George Wallace carried North with his tirades against "pointy-headed, pseudo-intellectuals." A different set of populist echoes haunted the Rainbow Coalition and Jesse Jackson's campaign in 1984, and has emerged more prominently in ghetto street politics as well as in some corners of black academic life. And most powerfully of all, there has been the populism of the Republican Party since the 1960s, a populism that (borrowing from Wallace) has capitalized on white middle- and working-class resentments against liberal social engineers and the black poor while marketing tax cuts for the wealthy as a boon for everyone.

H. ROSS PEROT BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

It is a measure of Perot's political skills, and of the depth of our own political disarray, and of the limitations of the popular knowledge of history, that he has managed to draw upon this legacy and to present himself as the latest man of the people. Perot's manifestos bristle with the familiar excited rhetoric of "us" versus "them," delivered as a selfless patriotic call to arms. Instead of the bankers, bureaucrats and welfare queens lambasted by other populists, Perot indicts lobbyists, political action committees and others with special access to power, along with the elected officials who serve them. These people, he charges, have formed "a political nobility that is immune to the people's will," a modern equivalent of "the British aristocracy we drove out in our Revolution."

Perot successfully evades the fact that he has long been one of this aristocracy's craftier barons. He built his fortune by feeding off the welfare state, using commando-style tactics and insider political influence to secure lucrative contracts from state and federal social service bureaucracies. Little-known investigations by Congress and the General Accounting Office in the early 1970s discovered abundant evidence of strong-arming and profiteering by Perot's Electronic Data Systems and by its subsidiaries. Rightly fearful of such revelations, and well aware of how Washington works, Perot and his executives contributed money and manpower to national politicians who were in strong positions to aid EDS.

The company's first conspicuous

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington connection was to Richard Nixon, and it dated from the late-1960s. It involved, among other things, Perot's private efforts to rouse Nixon's "silent majority," as well as more conventional campaign gifts. (The company, for its part, received protection from a wary Social Security Administration and at least one no-bid contract from the Nixon White House.) Perot and Nixon had a falling out around 1973, reportedly because the president and his men became fed up with fielding Perot's off-the-wall suggestions. But EDS and its chairman were not parochial in their political loyalties. EDS executives (and Perot personally) also attended to such influential congressmen as Arkansas Democrat Wilbur Mills. In 1974 Perot was the largest private campaign contributor in the country, with the bulk of his largess going to members of Mills's House Ways and Means Committee and to members of the Senate Finance Committee.

Perot and EDS duly gained from, and handsomely exploited, the kinds of access that Perot now says have ruined the country. In the mid-1970s Perot's lobbyists (including a former Internal Revenue Service commissioner, Sheldon Cohen) helped friendly representatives and senators draft legislation that, among other things, nearly reaped Perot a $15 million windfall in retroactive capital losses claims. In the late 1970s and 1980s, Perot retained sufficient leverage to win additional agreements, including a no-bid flood insurance contract with the Department of Housing and Urban Development, a contract to process Medicare payments in Illinois and yet another agreement (ultimately aborted) to help administer the U.S. Postal Service.

Meanwhile—and ironically, in view of his alleged business genius—Perot has compiled a calamitous record in the private sector, where his political connections have mattered far less. During the Wall Street crisis of 1970, he heeded the requests of his Nixon administration friends and took over the teetering DuPont Glore Forgan brokerage house, vowing that he would remake the firm in EDS's combat-ready image, and "do things that other people just talk about." Four years later DuPont went belly up, a $70 million disaster. When, in 1984, the troubled General Motors Corporation, impressed by EDS's self-generated mystique, bought the company for $2.5 billion, Perot predicted that he would set the myopic automakers right. But he quickly showed that he lacked either the imagination or the perseverance required for the task, and he jumped ship, covering up his failure with public vituperation against the (admittedly lamentable) GMC management.

How has Perot managed to blur this dubious background? His image is not media-friendly (though he is one of the finest character actors in modern American politics). Nor do his speeches or his writings soar with the emotional oratory that previous populists, beginning with William Jennings Bryan, turned into a kind of American folk art. Perot does have his clever quips, his down-home one-liners ("It's time to pick up a shovel and clean out the barn!") and his patriotic kitsch (such as the hackneyed A. M. Willard painting *The Spirit of '76*, featured on the back cover of his new book). For the most part, however, Perot's presentation, with its flat, at times pinched conversational style and its easy-to-read graphics, conveys all of the liveliness and passion of a Fortune 500 company quarterly report.

No doubt some of Perot's followers see this flatness as part of Perot's appeal, proof of his insistence that he is everything most politicians are not. Yet with his plainspoken didacticism, Perot also skillfully plays the old populist role of the village explainer. There have been dozens of such figures in our history, debunkers of the conventional economic wisdom who espouse some simpler and supposedly fairer alternative. Bastard heirs of Tom Paine's legacy, they have thrived amid the bathos of mainstream politics. When Gertrude Stein

Photo © Andrea Hart

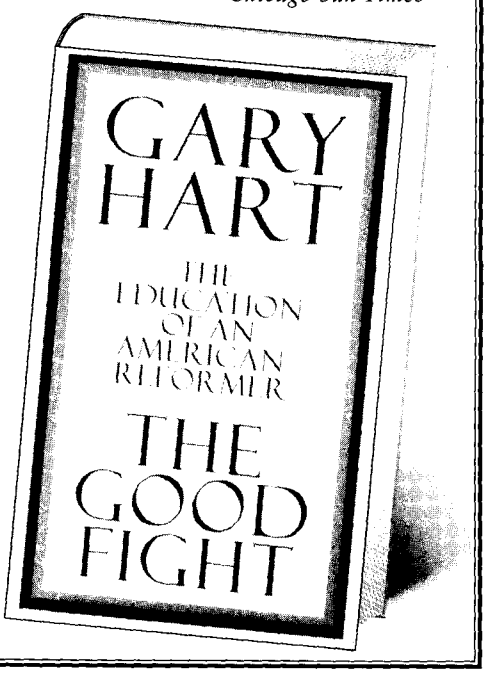
"THE MOST ILLUMINATING FIRSTHAND VIEW OF AMERICAN POLITICS SINCE *THE DIARIES OF MARIO CUOMO*."
— *Chicago Sun Times*

"**Hart provides the beef** and much more in his thoughtful and surprisingly passionate call for wholesale reform of the American system."
— *Detroit Free Press*

"**Thoughtful and intelligent...**an absorbing wade along the shoals of some deep philosophical waters. It's the sort of book that will make Americans think again: Too bad about this guy. Probably would have made a better president than most."
— *Denver Post*

"**Magisterial prose...**he works up some real passion when writing about the men whose ideas shaped his own values and political ambitions: John Wesley, Kierkegaard, Tolstoy and Jefferson."
— *Los Angeles Times*

"**Mr. Hart is an accomplished and occasionally eloquent writer...** The account of his life in the Senate itself [is] insightful and convincing."
— *The New York Times Book Review*



RANDOM HOUSE

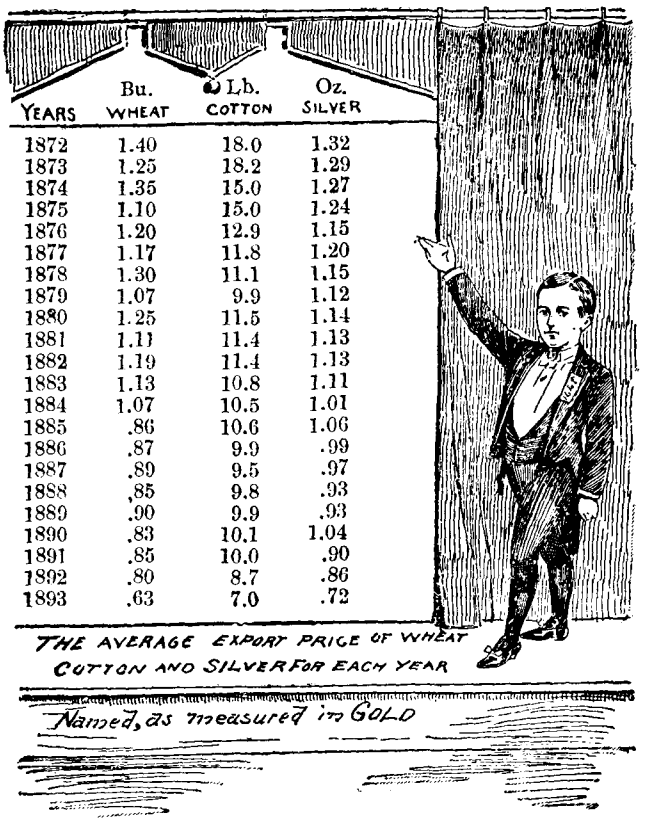
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

invented the term "village explainer," she had in mind Ezra Pound's obsessive and tedious discourses on money, credit and politics—the modernist aesthete as homespun windbag. But the classic piece of propaganda in the explainer genre is a now-forgotten, century-old pro-silver tract, *Coin's Financial School* by William H. Harvey.

Published in 1894 amid labor unrest, rural revolt and a severe depression, *Coin's Financial School*, Harvey's masterpiece, gained an instant readership of millions and went on to become a chief inspiration for the silver mania that crested during Bryan's presidential campaign two years later and ultimately split the People's Party. (One Mississippi congressman reported seeing the work "being sold on every railroad train by the newsboys and at every cigar store.... It is being read by everyone.") Harvey, a part-time lawyer and a full-time money crank, believed that a cabal of creditors, politicians and international bankers had tied the American economy to a tight gold standard and was preventing the free coinage of silver that (according to Harvey) would alleviate public distress. Harvey's views derived from popular currency nostrums that dated back to the Jacksonian era. They also coincided with the positions of the American Bimetallic League, the Western silver miners' lobby, which, not surprisingly, favored a silver currency and was looking for writers and lecturers to publicize the cause.

Harvey became the league's star promoter. His great breakthrough, in *Coin's Financial School*, was to present the silver panacea in the form of easy-to-understand, cleverly illustrated fictional lectures delivered by Coin—a boyish figure in top hat, tails and knee breeches whom Harvey also dubbed "the little financier." At the book's opening, Coin launches into the first of six scheduled lectures on the money question—"a subject that has baffled your fathers," he says—to an audience of young businessmen in Chicago. It is a dazzling performance, and word soon spreads about the pro-silver lecturer. Annoyed but curious, some of the city's best-known businessmen, political leaders and university professors decide to attend the remainder of the series, where they raise impertinent questions and try to expose Coin as a fraud. But the intrepid little financier, well-versed in the facts and cool under fire, effortlessly destroys his challengers' counterarguments and establishes simply and directly the superiority of his doctrine. The men who came to curse stay to bless: bankers, trade unionists, stock brokers and politicians all are "compelled to give assent to [Coin's] plain and unanswerable views," united at last against the parasites and their lackeys.

Ross Perot is our little financier. His fixation, to be sure, is with contracting the federal deficit, not inflating the currency. There are some differences between the two in tone. (Although the fictional Coin occasionally flashes irritation at his questioners, his bearing is studiously formal.) But Perot's translation of economic jargon into everyday language, his insistence that the supposed mysteries of political economy are not really so mysterious ("it's just that simple"), and his mingling of instruction and political salesmanship into a message of unity are all in the Coin tradition.



THE LITTLE FINANCIER, *COIN'S FINANCIAL SCHOOL*

Even Perot's charts (though they are also reminiscent of the pseudo-science that turns up in boardroom presentations and congressional hearings) hark back to "Coin" Harvey, who pioneered the use of arresting graphics as a part of political pamphleteering. Like Coin, Perot sees through the flummery of the politicians and their pretentious apologists and grasps the essential facts of economic life. Spend an hour or so with Ross and he will explain it all, and in words that you can understand. And even if you lack the time or patience to sit through the whole lecture, there is reassurance merely in the impression that he gives of knowing what he is talking about, at a time when many officials and experts seem so uncertain.

On more substantive matters, Perot's speeches and pamphlets also recall the populist penchant (exemplified by *Coin's Financial School*) for finding dark and far-flung plots behind the events of the day. A century ago, when Harvey was writing, populists had a weakness for describing the ultimate foe as a conspiracy of British bankers with Jewish names who were aiming to destroy the United States by demonetizing its silver. (*Coin's Financial School* is anti-British, but it is not anti-Semitic; Harvey bared his garden-variety Judeophobia in one of his other tracts, *A Tale of Two Nations*, also published in 1894.) With bribery and other subterfuges, the banker cabal had supposedly wormed its way into American politics and pushed through legislation that served its grand design.

Perot is more concerned with the Japanese than he is with the Jews, and his observations, at least when he presents them publicly, are far less crude than Harvey's. Once in a while, he even stops to remind his readers that the Japanese, along with our other major trade competitors, are our allies, not our enemies. But elsewhere he plays some of the old chords, harping on how the unrelenting Japanese (sometimes he throws in the Germans and the Arabs too) are bent on thrashing America in a business war that is every bit as serious as World War II or the cold war was. And he really hits a nerve when he purports to explain Japanese success and American decline as the result of a systematic "betrayal by the elites":

> If you wonder why international trade is not played on a level playing field, don't point a finger at the Japanese or the British or anyone else. Look first at our own political elites who enter government to gain expertise and personal contacts while on the public payroll, then leave to enrich themselves by taking inside knowledge to the other side.... What has happened to common decency, ethics and patriotism among the people who are supposed to lead our country?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In his latest tract, *Not For Sale at Any Price*, Perot tells his readers that the one thing he hopes they will remember are his warnings about these turncoats, especially the lobbyists for foreign countries, the "AWOL soldiers who turned up fighting for the enemy." Their treachery, he asserts, "is the reason that 2 million high-paying factory jobs were shipped to Asia during the 1980s." In case anyone misses the point of this stab-in-the-back theory, Perot, breaking from his matter-of-fact delivery, begins to shout, "THIS IS ECONOMIC TREASON"—and therein, supposedly, lies the key to understanding the United States' fall from economic supremacy.

Beneath this familiar populist scenario lurks a more generalized appeal to provincial prejudices. In *Coin's Financial School*, the little financier runs intellectual circles around learned academics and pampered businessmen. His success is the sum of his charm. Perot turns out to be an old hand at trying this sort of thing, baiting his foes as effete obscurantists. More than twenty years ago, when Daniel Patrick Moynihan (then a Nixon adviser) got a tepid response in a speech before the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, Perot set the same crowd roaring with some pointed remarks on why businessmen were better equipped than social scientists to solve the nation's problems. Some years later, during his ill-fated stint with DuPont Glore Forgan, Perot openly remarked that Wall Street's problems stemmed from the brokers' lack of virility. ("I don't know whether to kiss him or shake his hand," was a typical Perotism about a Wall Street executive.) These days Perot has learned to clean up his act, but he expresses some of the same impertinence in his contemptuous jousting with the mainstream press ("Is that the way we're going to play the game?"), which is the country's pre-eminent elitist clerisy in the modern populist imagination.

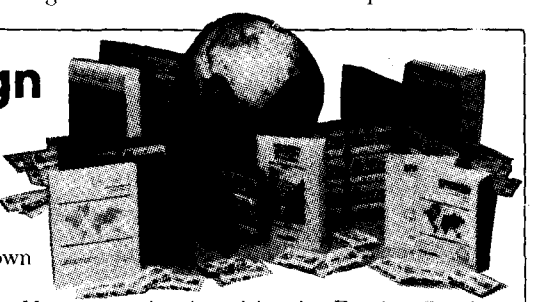
Perot's posturing would probably count for little, however, if he stopped there. Like "Coin" Harvey and other successful populists, Perot also has his finger on genuine problems that beset the country, and he knows exactly how to exploit them. Far more than most leading Democrats and Republicans, Perot has a feel for how millions of ordinary people actually experience life in contemporary America, and he expresses that understanding keenly.

Part of that understanding has to do with politics. In truth, Perot is the furthest thing from a democratic leader. By numerous accounts, he runs United We Stand much as he has run his companies, as a closely guarded autocracy staffed by like-minded people subject to a clearly defined chain of command. ("I'm used to being able to say something once, in a whisper, and having committed guys across this country go make it happen," Perot once boasted to a reporter.) Perot's vision of a streamlined, businesslike political order, his pseudo-plebiscitary electronic town halls (which would actually resemble a cross between televised political shareholders meetings and the old game show "Let's Make a Deal"), his hostility toward Congress and the press, his impatience with slow-footed democratic procedures, all amount to a repudiation of the checks and balances that are the soul of American government. And without question this side of Perot excites an authoritarian anti-democratic streak among some voters fed up with politics as usual. Their sentiments were summed up in last year's bumper sticker, "Ross for Boss."

Still, if Perot is no democrat, he does play on a deep popular anger at existing undemocratic abuses, and also on a persisting urge for purposeful political involvement. Perot's attacks on Washington influence-peddling may reek of hypocrisy and opportunism, but there is no denying that PACs, lobbyists and big-time special interests exert inordinate power at the public's expense. And in seizing on the widespread disgust at how smugly Washington conducts its business, Perot fills his program with appeals to the better angels of our nature, to "take personal responsibility for our actions and the actions of our government," to get involved and make a difference. His much-heralded volunteers may lack credible power within his organization, but Perot manipulates them into feeling as if they are changing the world as they go around ringing doorbells and handing out campaign flyers. For many Perot loyalists, it is as close as they have ever come to democratic participation in a presidential election.

Perot similarly understands the mounting public frustration at how the social issues, especially abortion, have tended to dominate the economic issues that many consider the federal government's primary responsibility. There is a fascinating ambiguity to Perot in this regard. As a businessman, Perot is famous for his enforcement of a no-nonsense morality. From at least the 1970s on, he had his male employees follow strict codes of conduct and personal appearance: no over-the-collar hairstyles, no beards, no marital infidelities. There has never been much question about

Learn a Foreign Language On Your Own!



Learn to speak a foreign language fluently on your own and at your own pace with what are considered the finest in-depth courses available. Most were developed by the Foreign Service Institute for the U.S. Department of State for diplomatic personnel who must learn a language quickly and thoroughly. Emphasis is on learning to speak and to understand the spoken language. A typical course (equivalent to a college semester) includes an album of 12 to 18 audio cassettes, (15 to 24 hours), recorded by native-born speakers, plus a 250-page textbook.

☐ Arabic (Saudi)	#AFA234	$175	☐ Mandarin Chinese	#AFM201	$175
☐ Czech	#AFCZ10	$ 55	☐ Navajo	#AFNV10	$ 49
☐ French	#AFF170	$175	☐ Polish	#AFP500	$175
☐ French Level II	#AFF181	$195	☐ Portuguese	#AFP151	$195
☐ German	#AFG141	$175	☐ Romanian	#AFRM10	$ 95
☐ German Level II	#AFG151	$145	☐ Russian	#AFB101	$235
☐ Greek	#AFR301	$175	☐ Slovak	#AFSL10	$175
☐ Hebrew	#AFH345	$235	☐ Spanish	#AFS101	$175
☐ Italian	#AFZ501	$175	☐ Spanish Level II	#AFS121	$145
☐ Japanese	#AFJ401	$175	☐ Swedish	#AFK501	$175
☐ Korean	#AFQ800	$195			

You can order now with a full 3-week money-back guarantee, by calling toll-free **1-800-243-1234** or by fax (203) 453-9774, or by mail by clipping this ad and sending with your name and address and a check or money order — or charge to any major credit card, by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

Our 52-page **Whole World Language Catalog** offers courses in 80 languages. Call or write for your free copy. Our 21st year.

audio-forum®
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE

Audio-Forum Room K815,
96 Broad Street, Guilford, CT 06437

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where his organizations have stood in the culture wars.

But as a politician, Perot often comes across as a libertarian, taking a forthright pro-choice position (including support for federal funding of abortions for poor women) while urging what he calls "a national compromise on abortion," firm in his belief that "the people are ready and willing to put [past] divisions behind us." With apparent sincerity, he denounces both major parties for their racial posturing (though his lack of experience and knowledge in this area showed up last year, as in his blooper about "you people" to the NAACP). Only on the issue of gay rights has he been incapable of getting his lines down, wavering between support for the discriminatory status quo and half-hearted reappraisal.

Perot has also become increasingly sensitive to the legacy of Reaganomics and how its effects are understood by a large portion of the electorate. Early in last year's campaign, Perot handled the topic gingerly, deriding the explosion of the federal debt while making only vague references to "trickle down economics." He seemed especially wary of criticizing Reagan directly, lest he alienate those who, despite everything, still adore the man. In *United We Stand*, his campaign tract of 1992, Perot even excused Reagan's deficits at one point, on the grounds that they helped to bankrupt the Soviet Union. Currently, however, Perot (while still refraining from criticizing Reagan personally) portrays the Reagan-Bush economic policies as a thoroughgoing assault on the jobs and incomes of the broadly defined middle class.

No Democrat, in fact, has done a more effective job than Perot in toting up the devastation: rising unemployment; corporate jobs lost; the manufacturing base depleted; real wages cut, income inequalities up; tax burdens shifted downward; junk bond and S&L scandals galore. "A disturbing trend has emerged from the decade of greed, the era of trickle-down economics and the period of capital gains tax manipulation," Perot writes; "We are headed for a two-class society." Reading these lines, you can practically hear the shouts of approval from workers in the Rust Belt along with "downsized" middle managers, hard-pressed wage-earning couples and (here and there) some left and liberal intellectuals. The cheering swells when Perot outlines the rough terms of a national industrial policy and calls for billions more in federal spending on infrastructure, aid to cities and public education. It becomes deafening when he attacks the North American Free Trade Agreement.

As Perot fully elaborates his program, however, he gets the attention of another group of people, composed largely of traditional Republicans: the deficit cutters. Perot has received considerable credit from critics of the deficit for dramatizing the issue, and for forcing politicians and voters alike to face up to the hard realities of a $4 trillion debt. Even longtime liberals can see that the Reagan and Bush administrations succeeded all too well in their fiscal revolution, while placing an enormous burden on future policy-makers. Yet among the flocks of deficit hawks, Perot stands out like an unpiloted B-52. He would not simply reduce the annual federal deficit, he would eliminate it within five years. Not since the heyday of Barry Goldwater (or Robert A. Taft) has any national political figure turned back to bedrock pre-Keynesian economics to such a degree. (The Reaganites, of course, always talked piously about balanced budgets, but supply-side policies led rapidly in the other direction.) The government, Perot says, must learn to balance its accounts just as "in your family, when you can't pay the bills, you either get a raise or start cutting back to the necessities"—and the burghers of Main Street, the upholders of what used to be Republican orthodoxy, exult.

Although Perot claims otherwise, it is difficult to see how driving down the deficit so drastically and so quickly could avoid squelching the fragile signs that the economy may be in recovery. And were this to happen, the people hit hardest by rising unemployment and regressive taxes would include those very struggling working families whom Perot says he wants to protect. That possibility never dawns, of course, in Perot's literature. Instead Perot sticks to the broader theme of sacrifice, which for the moment has caught his loyalists' imaginations. And as long as it does, the plan has several political advantages. As ever, the message is simple: balance the budget, and soon. And by combining middle- and working-class outrage with his draconian deficit remedy, he puts himself in a position where he can shift his ground quickly and attack whomever he pleases, as political circumstances dictate.

Recent events illustrate how this self-serving strategy operates. A check of Perot's fiscal proposals shows various broad similarities to the proposals that have come from the White House: increases in discretionary spending on infrastructure, urban aid and education; a hike in the marginal rate of income taxes for individuals in the top income brackets, in Clinton's case above $115,000, in Perot's somewhat more regressive plan $55,500. For fiscal year 1994, Perot's plan calls for a net reduction of $12.8 billion in defense, discretionary and entitlement spending and a net rise of $34.5 billion in new taxes, a ratio of about $2.70 in new taxes to every dollar in spending cuts. So where has Perot been while the Republicans killed Clinton's modest stimulus bill and vowed to kill Clinton's new taxes? He has been heckling the president, hobnobbing with House Republicans and coyly sidling up to no-tax Republican Senate candidates.

How long can Perot continue in this politically irresponsible way? How much influence will he have over the policy debates? This is hard to predict. But the real significance of Perot's rise has less to do with the state of policy and more to do with the state of politics. Here, after all, is a man who has roamed the political landscape for a quarter century, searching for business deals, clout and a mass movement to lead, certain in his own mind that he, the billionaire businessman, has some unique talent to lend to the country. In 1992 he finally found his movement, even if he would like to pretend that the movement found him.

It could well be, as various writers have argued, that Perot's success is a signal that we have entered into one of those massive political realignments in party allegiance that mark off one era in our political history from another. Once, in the 1850s, such realignment led to the death of a major party, the Whigs, and the birth of a new one, the Republicans, which eventually paved the way for the Civil War. Other realignments in the 1890s, 1930s and 1960s have had less revolutionary but nonetheless profound consequences for the shape of national political life, as voters shifted in large numbers from one party to another, creating new grand coalitions. Always these realignments have announced themselves through the effort of some third-party or schism—the Know-Nothings, the People's Party, Robert LaFollette Jr.'s Progressive Party, George Wallace's American Independent Party—that serves as a temporary vehicle for voter discontent until the new party coalitions take shape. Perot's movement, though hardly a conventional third party, may be in this respect, as in much else, performing a familiar historical role, foreshadowing a recomposed party system whose shapes are still unclear.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More disquieting is what Perotism discloses about the condition of political democracy in the United States. Money, to be sure, has long been the mother's milk of politics, and no one should imagine that there has ever been an idyllic American democratic era. Still, there is an enormous gap between the kind of political agitation that preceded the rise of the Republican Party or the People's Party and the one-man show of Ross Perot. Thirty years of purposeful political labor by abolitionists, free soilers and others lay behind the political crises of the 1850s; the People's Party flowered from nearly as many years of rural cooperative-building and protest politics.

Now, however, thanks to many of the trends that Perot deplores—above all the forbidding costs of running a national media campaign—it has become possible for a wealthy individual to bypass that process entirely, construct a sort of Disneyland democracy and pseudo-party, and present himself as the people's voice. Small bands of left-liberals and social democrats (with titles such as the New Party and Labor Party Advocates) have recently begun trying to organize the kind of national democratic organizations that Perot's group pretends to be. But even the most sanguine of them acknowledge that, given the situation, the job could take twenty years or more—steady work, but not the sort of thing that will sate the populist fury.

Perot's success, in other words, marks the magnitude of the distance that has grown up between populism and democracy, and indicates the shabbiness of modern populist politics. Populism has devolved, finally, from a set of political ideas into a posture of angry defiance. It is now preeminently a mood, a surly mood of defeat and powerlessness, a raging distrust of established institutions—indeed, at times, of power itself—linked to a nostalgia for a supposedly simpler past. Because it is a mood, it has no specific location on the political spectrum: the New Left created its own populist conceits just as surely as the New Right has. And because it is a mood, it is a singularly effective tool for politicians who would build their careers out of the accumulated social injuries of an uncertain time.

For the past twenty years, the Republicans have proved peculiarly adept (and the Democrats peculiarly hapless) at catering to the populist mood. George Bush's pork rinds were the least of it; much more powerful was the Republicans' ability to make their party—which is, in truth, an utterly modern party of business—look like a bastion of anti-modernism, led by crusading restorationists of morality and rugged individualism, opposed to the exotic "them"—the sex perverts, the criminal lobby, the "Harvard-boutique liberals." The Democrats, miserable marketeers who were unsure of their message (some of whom share responsibility for the tax-cut deficits and scandals of the 1980s), occasionally tried to counterattack with an anti-business populism of their own, but always without much conviction and with even less skill.

In 1992 the Republicans paid for their pandering, and the price included Perot. After twelve years in office, they had moved the country not one inch closer to the anti-modern restoration and showed little evidence (beyond lip service) that they seriously intended to do so. The result was the disastrous convention in Houston, which delivered Republican populism to the right-wing extreme. History, too, played its tricks on Republican populism, as communism's fall robbed it of important ideological glue and as the costs of Reaganomics began to mount. Enter (and then exit and then re-enter) Perot, shifting the populist appeal to the politics of rich and poor, talking of new betrayals and plots, joining the wounds of class to traditional Republican economics, in a movement totally beholden (whatever his obfuscations) to him and him alone.

One of Perot's constant points is that even the best of intentions get crushed in the Washington world of connections and power peddling. "Take any good, decent citizen," he writes, and give him enough perks, privilege and access, "and he'll lose touch with reality." Like much else about the supposedly "new phenomenon" of Perot, this theme is an old one: power corrupts (although Perot never tells how *his* good intentions somehow survived intact). But if power corrupts, so does powerlessness, or more precisely the feeling of powerlessness. And one name for that corruption is Ross Perot. •

Puttin' On the Ritz

BY PAUL BERMAN

The Night Manager by John le Carré

(Knopf, 429 pp., $24)

A year and a half ago I had the opportunity to conduct an investigation along lines that were wonderfully similar to certain hotelier-and-huggermugger themes of John le Carré's new novel. I talked the editors of Condé Nast *Traveler* into putting me up at the supremely elegant Madrid Hotel Ritz, as well as at a couple of less elegant hotels in Paris, in order to go prowling through the upstairs corridors and downstairs restaurants asking the chambermaids and waiters if anyone had ever spotted a jowly elderly American named William J. Casey at the hotel, perhaps deep in conversation with a turbanned gentleman from Iran named Hojjat ol-Eslam Mehdi Karrubi. Conversations between Casey and a variety of Iranians and Israelis were alleged to have taken place at the Madrid and Paris hotels during the course of the 1980 American presidential campaign as part of the October Surprise conspiracy to throw the election to Ronald Reagan.

By the time I checked into those very pleasant hotels, a swarm of other reporters had already made the effort to locate Casey's name on the room registers for the appropriate dates. But not one of those other reporters had submitted himself, as I did, to week after week of expense account hotel luxury, cultivating high-tip friendships with low-level hotel staffers, who might well have remembered a thing or two about Casey and the Iranians, if there was anything to remember.

My room service waiters at the Madrid Ritz did recall their terror one day in bringing trays of food to the suite of someone who turned out to be Yasir Arafat, and a downstairs clerk conceded that at an earlier job in still another Madrid hotel he had known perfectly well that secret arms deals with unspecified Arabs were going on in the private rooms—which demonstrated that Spanish hotel staffers would, given the opportunity, unburden themselves of a certain type of Middle Eastern gossip. And

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

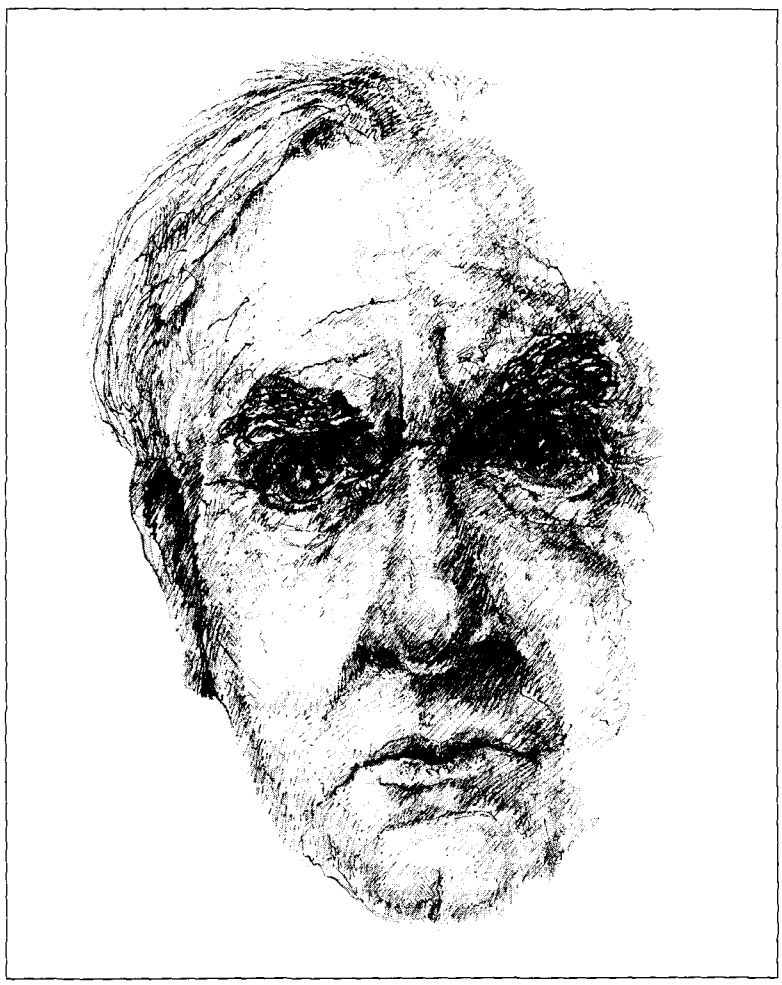
regarding the October Surprise, there was, in fact, a uniformed waiter's captain at the Ritz who thought that, yes, perhaps he did remember Casey and Karrubi. He peered at the photographs that I showed him and pointed to a back room behind the Ritz lobby where he thought the election-year conspirings had gone on—and the next day, in the grip of second thoughts, he tiptoed to my customary table in the Ritz's Upper Hall and added that any memories he still retained were, however, exceedingly vague, which was vastly disappointing to me, and to the Democratic Party.

Still, if you suppose that the October Surprise had actually occurred, the waiter's memory was a lead, wasn't it? I published the waiter's comments in the February 1992 *Traveler*, together with an intriguing symbol that I had stumbled on in Paris—the company logo of an earlier and since-departed hotel proprietor that I had found in a desk drawer of the principal establishment under suspicion. The logo featured an official United States eagle bedecked with *e pluribus unum*, olive branch and all, which was, I thought, a peculiar symbol for the French hotel in which a former-OSS operative and future DCI were said to have conspired with a representative of the Ayatollah Khomeini. In short, I came back with a couple of small-scale scoops, very small, mere potential scooplets, let us say—which was as much as anyone else turned up to confirm the October Surprise allegations.

Yet once my tiny and curious discoveries were in print, something truly eye-opening about conspiracies and conspiracy hounds revealed itself. I figured that sundry investigators who avidly subscribed to every purple detail of the Surprise allegations but who lacked for any kind of hard confirming fact would leap at once to inspect my two little finds and would wish in particular to interrogate the Ritz waiter's captain about those shaky memories of Casey and Karrubi in Madrid. I waited for my telephone to ring with importuning conspiracy hounds begging to see my notes. But no one, not a single reporter or anti-Casey fanatic, not even the most *louche* of documentary filmmakers, ever called. Why was that? I think it was because conspiracy hounds are less interested in hard facts than you would suppose.

What bedazzles them is *tone*. The whole business of staying at fancy European hotels, running up the bill at Condé Nast's expense struck me as pretty funny. My article lingered over the pastries that you can order at the Hotel Ritz, and I had my say about hotel piano players and the Francoist style of the Ritz dress code; and from a conspiracy hound's point of view, that was the wrong approach entirely, and the wrongness of tone undid any credibility that my entirely accurate and strictly factual reporting might otherwise have had. For conspiracy hounds do not want to laugh; they want to tremble. They want their eyes to widen and their hair to stand on end. And that is *all* they want. They are junkies, not journalists. They must have their *noir*.

The hotel-and-conspiracy plot of le Carré's new novel features a British former staffer of nothing other than the Hotel Ritz, Madrid, named Jonathan Pine, currently employed at a fancy Swiss hotel, who gets caught up in the intrigues of British intelligence; and the dark, thrilling glint of menace and suspense that le Carré extracts from Jonathan's adventures would make the conspiracy hounds dote on the great spy novelist's every word, if only those books of his claimed to be truth and not fiction. Tone is everything in *The Night Manager*: the end that justifies the most ruthless of means.



JOHN LE CARRÉ BY DAVID SCHORR FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The first half of the book, before the author tires of his own machinations of plot and cuts to the chase, ostentatiously tries out narrative gimmicks of every kind—the artfully withheld piece of crucial information, the unpredictable wavering between past and present, the ever-shifting narrator's voice—which readers like myself who can't claim much expertise on spy fiction might mistake as less than successful efforts to add depth and perspective to the hero's several weird experiences and quietly mournful personality. But narrative gimmicks in *The Night Manager* are intended to serve a much narrower but nevertheless crucial purpose, which is to throw the reader off-balance; and since to be off-balance is to be puzzled and puzzlement is mystery, the success of these techniques is, in fact, total.

Sex is similarly to the point. From his place behind the hotel registration desk, Jonathan observes gentlemen entering the lobby with the bulge of hidden pistols filling their jackets, and when a beautiful young woman enters, he catches a glimpse of a perky erect nipple, and the effect is somewhat hilarious—unintentionally, I think, though le Carré has a sense of humor. A woman tells Jonathan on page 72, "I wish you to sleep with me," and another asks him on page 101, in the course of unbuttoning her blouse, "You want me, then . . . ?" and on page 108 still another woman says, "Fuck me, Jonathan"—though it's true that on page 133, just to show a possible variation in female personality, a line of dialogue from yet another woman goes:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"'Wait,' she whispered." Yet even the silliest of these passages exerts a jagged pressure on the already puzzled reader to stay ready for action, nostrils flared, alert and alarmed.

A genuine emotion, mostly a righteous and sentimental rage, carries the tone forward. It is the homey indignation of straightforward types like Jonathan and the man who recruits him into espionage, Burr, who survey an injust world with the offended weary eyes of simple patriots and men of honor. And these several Carréesque methods and concerns—the narrative gimmickry, the cartoon sexuality, the hearts good and true of the middle-class men of stout virtuous Britain—open at last a window on the truest of le Carré's themes, the *noir* sun itself, which is the paranoid alternative reality that I suppose has stood at the center of spy fiction since the days when Balzac wrote about the secret police agents of Napoleon.

Le Carré's version of this dark alternative reality comes in layers, which makes it a supple and interesting thing. The layer that he fondly calls the overworld—meaning the covert agencies of Britain and the United States that manage to dominate world affairs, or very nearly, while remaining discreetly disguised—is merely the first that comes into view. The bureaucratic infighting of these agencies, combined with the sinister and utterly inevitable way in which covert operations gradually come to resemble their own worst enemies, is, I am sure, his most popular theme, and at least in this book, his most vivid one. Le Carré seems to respond to filing cabinets, interoffice rivalries and high-level corruption the way his own characters respond to long-haired women. His eyes gleam. Yet the vitality and plausibility of this bureaucratic crypto-overworld of his depend in turn on the existence of a still more hidden plane of alternative reality, the dark hidden ether in which the truest enemy of all, the evil that looms so large as to be virtually metaphysical, somewhere lurks. But what can this metaphysical evil be?

It is on this question that the reading public's sympathetic heart has been going out to John le Carré for several years now. "So nice the Russians are on our side at last. No?" someone observes in *The Night Manager*. To which Jonathan replies, with the coolness that, come to think of it, does belong to hoteliers and spies both: "It's a great diplomatic achievement." Yet the diplomatic achievement has been, of course, a hardship and a disaster for spy novelists—as it has been for any number of us non-spy writers, the commentators and partisans and experts of every sort who have worked up lifetimes of expertise on the horrors of communism, or on the errors of anti-communism, or on the psychopeculiarities of ex-communism, in order to play our allotted roles in the titanic struggle. Today enemies of different kinds do still seem to be about, and there is no short supply just now of evil of a decidedly unmetaphysical sort. But it is far from obvious who among these newer enemies around the world poses a challenge that is total and not just partial, global and not just regional, the kind of challenge that might well reach into every sphere of morality, civilization, honor and even into the covert agencies, imaginary and otherwise, that are intended to combat evil with tooth and fang.

The particular hotel guest whom le Carré proposes as the embodiment of his new vision of evil is an émigré British arms dealer named Dicky Roper, whose de rigueur collection of accessories—the white dinner jacket, the hidden chamber in his giant yacht, the lovely nippled companion who accompanies him everywhere, the stolen Greek and Egyptian antiquities ornamenting his Caribbean isle, the attending staff of homicidal homosexuals—radiates world-class evil from every page. Yet Roper is merely a seller of goods, whose evil flourishes only to the degree that someone wishes to be a buyer, which means that somewhere beyond the world of arms merchants must lie a still larger, darker and more threatening evil. In the early pages of the novel, we learn that Roper has been selling his "toys" to Iraq, which briefly raises a Baathist flag as symbol of this ultimate frightening thing. But le Carré turns away from the Middle East to the now-united drug cartels of Colombia, which have been talked into buying high-tech weaponry to forestall any future Yankee invasion.

Now, as a proposed new source of metaphysical evil, Latin drug cartels do have a measure of plausibility. You could lay out an argument that in every country where Marxist guerrillas have been defeated but where social conditions remain bad, the same circumstances that used to push young people into the guerrilla armies will now push them into gangster armies, which might mean a lot of armies in a lot of countries; and you could imagine a linking up of the Latin gangsters with the new mafias in the ex-Communist countries; and since the same free market economics that generate wealth in the richer countries will naturally go on generating social breakdown among the richer countries' poorer people, you could fairly easily picture a new worldwide plunge into barbarism, based on Latin armies, drugs, ex-Communist mafias and Western social decay. Instead of Soviet imperialism, internal rot. Instead of utopian millenarianism, cocaine inebriation. Instead of the hammer and sickle, the gold chain and Pablo Escobar as the New Man.

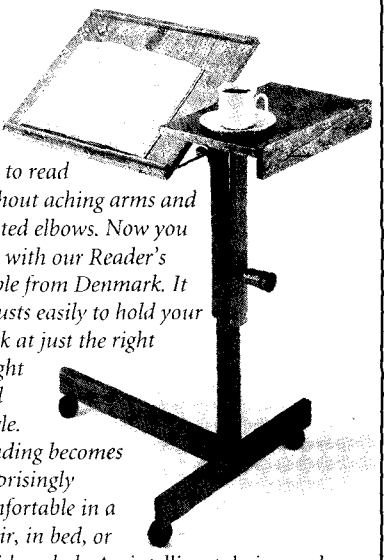
Le Carré makes a couple of hints in favor of such an interpretation of future history, including a jibe or two at free market fanaticism, and he does work up a luscious jungle-green spectacle of

HOME STUDY COURSE

in economics. A 10-lesson study that will throw light on today's baffling problems. Tuition free—small charge for materials.

Write Henry George Institute, 121 E. 30th Street, New York, NY 10016

Lay Down Your Arms



Ah, to read without aching arms and dented elbows. Now you can with our Reader's Table from Denmark. It adjusts easily to hold your book at just the right height and angle. Reading becomes surprisingly comfortable in a chair, in bed, or beside a desk. An intelligent design and a handsome piece of furniture in natural cherry, dark cherry, teak, oak or black ash.

$199 + **$11.95** shipping via UPS ground
Assembly required—but worth it.
MC/VISA/AMEX/DI/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

LEVENGER®
TOOLS FOR SERIOUS READERS
975 S. Congress Ave., Code NRRT25, Delray, FL 33445

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

arms-dealing in the Panamanian wilds, which (together with scenes of Switzerland, Canada, Miami, the Caribbean, London and other sites) incidently gives his book some of the colorful pleasures of the magazine that put me up at the Ritz. But something about the prospect of an imminent worldwide collapse into barbarism seems to leave him flat. The Colombians buy their "toys," but they do not make his hair stand on end. Ultimate evil in *The Night Manager* emanates instead from the secret overworld itself, or rather, from the Anglo-American upper-class bad-guy faction of the secret overworld, which is labeled "Pure Intelligence," as opposed to the middle-class good-guy faction, which is called "Enforcement." Dicky Roper may be "the worst man in the world," as is said repeatedly, but he is, even so, a patsy in the hands of Pure Intelligence, which must therefore count as the definition of evil itself, which is to be worse than the worst.

But what can possibly motivate the worst of the worst to engage in self-evidently cheesy enterprises like building up the Latin American anti-Yankee drug cartels into the kind of power that stores its Stinger missiles in giant warehouses? Le Carré cites the role of greed among the intelligence agents, which is easy to credit, and there is mention of an unwillingness to relinquish power. There is also an invocation of sheer looniness, which we who have survived the presidency of Oliver North know to be more than plausible. "*Loaming's one of them,*" somebody says, in a spirit of italicized alarm, about a member of the Pure Intelligence bad-guy elite. "*He's got some theory about the need for a world underclass. People think he's joking.*" But we are left to wonder if corruption, love of power and looniness suffice for a truly metaphysical scale of evil. Something of Francis Fukuyama's "Last Man" vision of a world in which noble struggles, including a noble struggle on behalf of evil, no longer exist, all is petty and mediocrity rules seems to have overtaken le Carré's post-cold war novel. If a shadow of disappointment falls across the novel's end, and if the final frantic rush of good-guy-bad-guy telephone-and-deception activity seems to reflect a bit of authorial desperation, I can imagine that the sheer second-rateness of evil in the present day is largely to blame. At the End of History, *noir* turns gray.

The review of *The Night Manager* in the Sunday *New York Times* compared le Carré to the Joseph Conrad of *Under Western Eyes*. This sort of inflation doesn't do le Carré any kindness. But considered on the scale of its own pretensions, *The Night Manager* has its share of clever and entertaining elements. I'm surprised that le Carré's American editors didn't stop him from attributing a Southern accent to a Wyoming lawyer or from describing a man named Strelski as a Kentucky hillbilly. The West Indian accents are to cringe. But it's rather nice, I think, that one of Dicky Roper's henchmen says: "*Jesus,* the effort of being criminal. The people and the noise. The *sleaze.* The places one doesn't want to be." Roper himself, speaking on behalf of the international fraternity of arms pirates, says with a sparkle of criminal élan: "Governments? Worse than we are. They do the deals, we take the fall. Seen it again and again." There are useful tips for anyone contemplating a career in espionage: "Concentrate on the guests." "Never pick a lock if you can find the key: first rule of burglary." And there is an indisputable truth: "No one's got the whole picture, so no one knows there isn't one."

PAUL BERMAN is the editor of *Debating P.C.: The Controversy Over Political Correctness on College Campuses* (Laurel/Dell).

Among the Sacred Monsters

BY JED PERL

Picasso and Dora: A Personal Memoir by James Lord

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 340 pp., $35)

In December 1944, a 22-year-old American G.I. by the name of James Lord talked his way into Picasso's studio on the rue des Grands-Augustins in Paris, was invited by Picasso to accompany him and his mistress Dora Maar to lunch at a nearby restaurant, and departed the restaurant a few hours later with a portrait sketch inscribed, "Pour James Lord/Picasso/Paris 7.D.44." Lord had just arrived in Paris, knew nobody except a family who had once visited his parents in America, and in the opening pages of his memoir, as he meticulously describes how he got Picasso to draw his portrait, seems as baffled as we are by the combination of nerve and naïveté that enabled him to barge into the circle of the man whom he quite naturally regards as "the most remarkable artist to live during my lifetime." Lord is an unusual person: he has known "everybody," he has done "everything," but he hasn't lost his sense of wonder. In these memoirs the facts are nailed down, but the feelings are not; and it is the author's willingness to cheerfully accept the element of mystery in his and everybody else's actions that fills his pages about the higher reaches of Paris's post-war bohemia with light and magic.

Lord frequented Picasso's studio for a few years, and for a period of about a year in 1953 and 1954 he was very close to Dora Maar, whom Picasso had left for Francoise Gilot (who in turn left Picasso). The book explores Lord's relations with Picasso and Maar (who is now in her 80s) and their relations with him and with one another; it also includes wonderful glimpses of people in their circle: Balthus, the patroness Marie-Laure de Noailles, Jacques Lacan, the art historian and collector Douglas Cooper and Jean Cocteau. This is not so much an art book as it is an evocation of life as it was lived in what was perhaps the last time and the last place in which a serious pursuit of pleasure was not felt to be inconsistent with artistic seriousness, and in which there was a monied class that occasionally demonstrated some originality of taste.

This is a story of people who seized life, eyes wide open. Sooner or later most of them had to admit that there was a limit to what they could do with their talent; but finally there was some consolation in the thought that one had known a genius or two and had contributed something to the environment that nourished great imaginations. Picasso, at the still center of this story, is never far from anybody's mind, but there is hardly a character in the book who doesn't come off as something of a sacred monster. It is quite a cast, and I mean it as a compliment when I say that Lord is definitely up to the competition.

Lord was one of those Americans who, with a small income from home, chose Paris in the '50s as the place to pursue a dream of literary achievement. As he explains in *Picasso and Dora*, he made extra money by ferreting paint-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ings, drawings and prints out of the flea markets and Left Bank shops and selling them at a profit on the Right Bank or in New York. Lord is best known to American audiences as the author of a biography of Giacometti that came out in 1985. He is also the author of an earlier book, *A Giacometti Portrait*, published by the Museum of Modern Art in 1965. That small book is composed in the form of a diary recounting Lord's experience as Giacometti painted his portrait during eighteen sittings, and it has long been prized by artists and writers for its clear-eyed view of an artist's working methods.

Lord's full biography of Giacometti is a far more ambitious book, and it aroused more complicated responses. Well before his death in 1966, Giacometti had come to be regarded as a sort of artistic saint, who, living in an age of abstraction, devoted his life to the reinvention of the human figure. While Lord is second to none in his admiration of Giacometti, his unvarnished description of Giacometti's daily existence—whores, pimps and all—upset a lot of people. Giacometti's widow, Annette, encouraged many friends (including some who figure in *Picasso and Dora* and, given their weak or nonexistent English, could not have at that juncture read the Giacometti biography) to protest what was felt to be Lord's betrayal of family secrets.

And then many American artists who are good puritans and could hardly imagine what those Parisians did in their spare time simply felt that Lord had maligned a hero. Actually, the detailed accounting of Giacometti's life in Paris is the finest aspect of the biography. Otherwise, there's something a bit arid about the book. In his eagerness to represent Giacometti as the last of a line, Lord sometimes seems to want to deny that Giacometti flourished in a climate that was favorable to the development of a number of highly significant artists. Coming from the Giacometti biography to *Picasso and Dora*, it is a surprise and a pleasure to find that Lord can be exhilarated by the variety of people's actions and achievements.

The great artist whom Lord met on the rue des Grands-Augustins in 1944 was 63 years old. Paris was liberated but the war was not yet over, and for Picasso an encounter with a young, energetic and attractive American still had some novelty. On that afternoon when Lord first had lunch with Picasso and Dora, it was hard to imagine what Europe would be like after the war. The future was a blank. Though Maar probably already realized that her reign was coming to a close, Lord could certainly not have imagined that he would be a great support to Maar for a year or so in in the first decade of her life without Picasso. There were as yet only the slightest hints of the kind of international celebrity that would come to Picasso soon after he took up residence in the south of France, a multimillionaire bohemian outshining the movie stars. And there was no way that Picasso, who in the mid-1940s had more authority among artists than any other person in the world, could have imagined that within a decade he would be regarded by sophisticated people as the greatest of the School of Paris has-beens.

Picasso and Dora had met in 1936, when she was 27 and much involved in surrealist circles in Paris. Lord, describing her nearly twenty years later, writes that "I never ceased to be under the spell of her beauty, the lambent gleam of her gaze, the bird of paradise voice, the aristocratic tilt of head, all the aura of tense serenity and power and pathos so poignantly portrayed by Picasso." In the first half of the 1930s Maar did a number of surrealist photographs, and during her years with Picasso she encouraged his interest in photography and photographed his work (including the different states of *Guernica*). It was Maar who helped Picasso find the big rue des Grands-Augustins studio, which he needed to paint the mural.

Maar was the intellectual among Picasso's lovers, and she presided over his last, deep immersion in the literary life of Paris. In 1943 Gilot appeared on the scene, and by 1945, when Picasso had bought Maar a house in the village of Ménerbes in the Vaucluse (a sort of settling of obligations that ensured that Maar would be forever in his debt), his affair with her was drawing to a close. She was his wartime lover, and the war was over. In the 1940s and 1950s Maar devoted herself to her painting; and in 1957 she exhibited landscapes that Douglas Cooper described as based on "direct inspiration from nature" and as having a "relationship to Turner and Courbet." Lord reports that later on she was painting abstractly.

The work that Maar has exhibited has never been in Picasso's manner. This is not something that can be said of Gilot, the other painter among Picasso's mistresses. While Gilot came out of her affair with Picasso psychologically unscathed, her work has always been slavishly imitative of the work that Picasso was doing while they were together. If Maar's claim for immortality is as *La Femme qui pleure*, Picasso's dark-eyed, tragic icon of wartime Europe, part of the power of those images has to do with Maar's own surrealist vision of a world in permanent disarray. Picasso is probably the only modern artist who can be said to have robbed friends and lovers of their souls to enrich his work, though his thefts are also dazzling homages. (Matisse never cared enough about another human being to think of stealing a soul.)

While I don't agree with what I gather is Lord's view of Picasso's career, namely that he never again achieved the heights of the analytic cubist period of the 1910s, I respect him for sticking to what has become a rather unfashionable opinion. More than that, I respect him for insisting on the seriousness of the work that Picasso was doing in those years that Lord knew him, even though he clearly (and with good reason) regards that phase as problematical. It is inspiriting to read Lord's defense of Picasso's pottery. He begins by observing that for many sophisticated people Picasso's work as a ceramic artist is

> diminished by being inseparable from a utilitarian or "merely" decorative support. Even the ceramic masterpieces of the Egyptian, Greek and pre-Columbian cultures suffer from this strange stigma. But Picasso was never an artist to take the slightest account of any aesthetic *parti pris*—quite the contrary—and he had a strong affinity, both creative and mythic, for the works and purposes of his artistic predecessors of all cultures. To see him working in the Ramiés' pottery [in Vallauris] was exciting and moving. He did not know how to throw a pot or platter and was therefore obliged to explain what he wanted to an artisan and then take over the malleable clay when it had been worked up to the desired size and shape. He would fold it, bend it, gouge, incise or cut it according to his intent, and the outcome was always surprising, even to him, I think, as if his omnipotent figures went unbidden about their predestined business. His deference to the artisan who prepared the clay and worked a wheel for him was so attentive as to seem a function of the creative act. Picasso's pots were fashioned by the same eye, the same hand that portrayed the horrors of war and the joys of maternity, and accordingly are entitled to contemplation from the same viewpoint; many may be perceived as masterpieces of elegance and modesty.

Lord's view of Picasso is rather like the one we already know from Gilot's *Life with Picasso*. Lord has no illusions about the man, but he also refuses to engage in the kind of cheap shots that describe an artist as nothing but the sum of his least appealing character

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

traits. True, Picasso was egotistical, manipulative, unbearably cruel. But he was also immensely charming, had a genius for putting himself on another person's wavelength that could be exhilarating as well as maddening, and the operations of his imagination were thrilling to watch at close quarters. The art historians who only emphasize Picasso's sadism are way off the mark. That Picasso painted and drew fractured female faces doesn't make him a misogynist. Picasso's lovers understood something that the art historians do not understand: the distorted figures are *beautiful.* This is one of the critical points that Lord makes without ever actually coming right out and saying it. Maar's whole life is dominated by Picasso, by his portraits of her, by the fact that he left her in the 1940s. There is pathos to her story, but she has her place in the modern adventure and she is anything but pathetic.

Lord's book is not so much about Picasso as it is about the way that the aura around a great man brings other people together. At the heart of this story are Lord and Maar, who only became close in 1953, when Picasso was more or less out of the picture (though hardly out of their thoughts). For a year or so Lord and Maar were regarded as a couple by many of their friends and acquaintances. They frequently had dinner together, went to parties together, talked on the phone almost every morning and spent some time in the house in Ménerbes that Picasso had given Maar.

This is the story of a platonic but passionate affair between a young homosexual man and a middle-aged heterosexual woman. Lord makes very intelligent use of the frankness now possible about sexual matters, for without his glancing accounts of his own active and often absolutely untroubled affairs, the complicated halftones of his relations with Dora would barely be comprehensible. "Dora," Lord writes,

> was exactly fifteen years older than me, having been born in the year of the *Demoiselles d'Avignon*, 1907, her birthday November 22, only five days apart from mine, the twenty-seventh. So in that springtime of 1954 she was 46, I 31. And between those two stages of life there is a difference more profound than a decade and a half would create twenty years later, for example, especially when the older one is the woman and the younger an individual whose adolescence has been abnormally prolonged not only by homosexuality but by the freedom and the easiness of his existence. I didn't dwell on Dora's age or sense that as friends it made for much inequality between us. The inequality—existential, intellectual and moral—was made very clear on the basis of her superior experience and access to revealed wisdom.

Friendships are rather difficult to write about, but Lord describes what one can: the comfortable fit of two temperaments; the meaningless talk that is important nonetheless; the outings and adventures that, having been gone *through together,* become part of a shared history. Looking back on it all, he is very clear about the attraction, the warmth, the unforgettable times, both good and bad, and he is perfectly willing to accept that such things are beyond analysis.

Lord quite naturally wonders what Picasso and Dora saw in him. Years later he hears (from Gilot) an interesting

What Doesn't Happen

Would you have raised your head and opened your eyes
and astonished us all with a few sentences of recognition
if I'd walked in any time before the end and taken
your light hand in mine still hot from the journey?
And then died anyway, since there was only the one way?
Of course I imagined something dramatic—me freeing you
from sleep, stopping time a while to get our stories settled,
but then I was looking up from the grave we'd laid you in
to see the tree in a heavy overcoat of green and everything
growing away like mad, a sudden blustering thundery rain
to wash all traces away. So I speak in a low voice, knowing
I speak to nothing there, nothing coming through to here
where earth is covered in small translucent pods, the air
a congregation of feathered seeds taken by the breeze
and floating to wherever they'll fall and some take root.

Yesterday I stood to look at a deer half hidden in leaves,
a big doe still as a brown statue, her ears swivelling like
dish antennae, her tail a white stain, the whole field of green
between us, me straining but unable to see her eyes, only
the thick tan stalk of her neck, the head erect and pointed
in my direction, a scab of light in the middle of her brow
as if something glowed there, the two of us facing across
that wide divide. Wondering would she scare if I went closer,
I started slowly towards her: still she stayed, not a flicker
of fright, just this tuned thing alert without trepidation and
watching me move through the tall grass in her direction
until I stopped, thought better of it, then edged back
to the path, my eyes still fixed on that steady glow
above where her sharper eyes, I felt, were finding mine.

What's to be done with this desperate balance, this pendulum
to which even lovers are strapped in passion and doubt,
clocks ticking and seed-pods clicking off our minutes? There is
no life to put you back into with your lipstick and rings, your
flans, fried cod, floury potatoes, your glass of Bristol Cream,
delight in anecdote and photograph, and I only remember
when I'd have to go you'd hear the finished day shut
with a click, the door closing behind you hearing me say again
See you tomorrow, until that last time, a wave from the window,
no more words. So I have to empty my head of your white hair
and fallen breasts, the slack soap-colored skin of your belly,
painful thighs climbing the stairs, your poor feet, your bunions,
the hair insisting on your chin, your teeth blackening, loosening,
falling out in dismay. Now a sudden late afternoon storm
on this side of things starts to clear the air, letting us breathe again,
turning the trees heavy and impenetrable with a novel green light,
and I know there is neither going back nor going forward, only
this running in place as usual, trying to see more deeply in.

Eamon Grennan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

explanation of Picasso's original welcome. Lord was in U.S. Army Intelligence, and it seems that Picasso, with the war ending, thought it might be good to be friendly with somebody from American Intelligence. (Lord was a figure of no consequence, but how could Picasso have known?) Once Picasso had met Lord, it seems obvious to Lord that his own good looks piqued Picasso's interest. "On the evidence of his drawing," Lord writes,

> Picasso appears to have seen in me something similar to my own sentimental view of his Blue Period pictures of wistful harlequins and romantic acrobats, several of whom I'd fallen in love with five years before. The pensive, slightly melancholy, ambiguous expression of my features, and in particular the physically impossible but aesthetically effective depiction of the left shoulder hunched upward before the profile, seemed designed to compose an image imbued by the same narcissistic pathos I had thought to discern in Picasso's youthful art as a reflection of my own adolescent vanity and sensual desperation. Perhaps it is just as well that I didn't understand what desire had guided my steps to the rue des Grands-Augustins or suspect what wizardry enabled Picasso to see what I wanted.

Lord recounts how, a little later, after he had become a familiar in the studio, he lay down on a couch one day and began to drift off. Realizing that Picasso was in the room, he decided to play the part of the sleeping figure, to be contemplated by Picasso. Lord says that he was not at that time aware of the significance of the sleeping figure in Picasso's work, and then he goes on to wonder, "Can it have been by pure chance that I schemed to capture Picasso's attention by enacting a situation so frequently represented by him? Inspiration is a self-invention." Around this time Maar said to Lord that he "seemed to have made quite an impression on Picasso." Apparently Lord had made an impression on Maar, too. Perhaps it was reassuring for Maar, when Picasso had turned to another woman, to turn her own attention to a man who had obviously found favor in Picasso's supremely powerful pair of eyes.

Many of the relationships in this book have something of the complicated, ambivalent intensity that we often encounter among members of a family. This isn't surprising. It is one of the characteristics of bohemia that it invents its own kinds of families, which is very much the sort of thing that Picasso (an exile from his Spanish homeland for most of his life) liked to do. During the year when Lord and Maar were seeing a lot of each other, there were obviously many strong feelings going back and forth. There was something familial about the friendship, and something erotic, too. Did Maar want more than friendship from Lord? And did she pull back in 1954 when she realized that was not to be? Lord refuses to characterize Maar's motives—or his own. He has no patience for a mechanistic view of relationships. He believes in the mysterious integrity of friendship, and he's persuasive. What is clear is that Maar was becoming more and more reclusive. That was her way of responding to Picasso's removal from her. In the last pages of his book, as Lord recounts his infrequent meetings and phone calls with Maar in the years since 1954, she comes through as a figure of remarkable strength. There is a haunting dignity to Lord's portrait of Maar (a portrait that, because Maar prefers to remain out of the limelight, she will no doubt dislike, even though it does her great credit).

Lord draws no conclusions, and thank goodness for that. He simply presents a world, with its shifting reputations, its vacations and visits and endless meals and phone calls and openings. It is a world accurately evoked, with a care to who paid for what dinner and how people got along that gives us a concrete sense of the economic underpinnings of bohemian freedom. Lord's writing can sometimes become unidiomatic and fussy, but once he has worked his way into a paragraph or a story, the writing is flowing, deft. As a portrait of Picasso, the book has the immediacy and intensity that I associate with other remarkable books by people who knew the artist, and *Picasso and Dora* may find a place alongside Gertrude Stein's *Picasso*, Gilot's *Life with Picasso* and Malraux's *Picasso's Mask*.

On the dust jacket of Lord's book we are informed that he is at work on another book of memoirs. I imagine that Lord could keep telling these stories of his forever. I eagerly await them. Ultimately this is a book about an American's love affair with Paris. Of his relationship with the city, Lord explains, "I was in love, and still am. Not an instant's regret or disappointment has ever been mine because of this liaison." This kind of romantic reminiscence can get on a reader's nerves, but Lord's book is written with such level-headed elegance that it is a burst of fresh air blowing the dust off the old Parisian idols.

JED PERL is at work on a book about the New York art world in the 1950s and 1960s.

TRB *continued from page 6*

gain no revenue—and is equally valid (i.e., not).

The studies estimating huge job losses from Clinton's plan are largely bogus. But there is this kernel of truth in the gloomy scenarios: removing $500 billion of stimulus over the next five years—whether through higher taxes or reduced government spending—will mean a slower economy than otherwise in the short run. If your interest is feeling better in the short run, skip the chemotherapy and settle for cancer. That's the choice we face.

As a matter of policy, the high-minded commentators are right that even $500 billion of deficit cutting is not nearly enough. After five years, under Clinton's own projections, the deficit would be over $200 billion and rising. As Harvard economist Benjamin Friedman points out in the *New York Review of Books*, this would still leave the government draining away almost half of all private savings in the economy. But the root of Clinton's political problem—what has him staring into the abyss of a failed presidency six months into his term—is that he has pushed the public even this far.

Candidate Clinton, of course, promised not to raise taxes on the middle class. In fact, he promised to cut them. His protestations of changed circumstances are not convincing. That just means that Clinton himself is part of the political culture that now entraps him. He lied. But he didn't just lie. He bought into the central lie of American politics—that our problems can be solved without asking anything of the middle class. If he hadn't done this, he wouldn't have been elected. By definition, anyone sworn in as president in January 1993 would have lied on this central topic. (George Bush lied about it, too—again.) That's no excuse for Clinton. But it's also no excuse for the rest of us, either, when we insist on the lie and then insist on destroying anyone who tells it.

Maybe it would take a political giant—a Lyndon Johnson or a Ronald Reagan—to sell Americans on fiscal responsibility. But even Johnson and Reagan never had to make a sale like this. LBJ's attempt to have "guns and butter" without a tax increase arguably planted the seeds of the fiscal jungle Clinton faces today. And of course Reagan lavishly watered those seeds—originally selling tax cuts and spending cuts but quickly giving up on the latter.

Maybe Bill Clinton isn't a big enough man for this job. But if so, that too is more of a comment on us than on him.

MICHAEL KINSLEY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

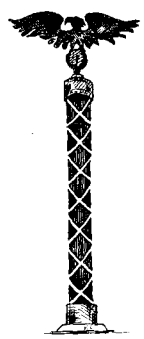
SARAJEVO DIARIST

Pure wind

THE MOST ALARMING PHENOMenon in the outside world's approach to Bosnia is that merely speaking is more important than acting. For the past month I have been living in Sarajevo; I've had many opportunities to compare the reality on the ground here with the words that are used in Washington and at the United Nations in New York to describe it. The discrepancies are enormous—many are intentional—and they help to explain the other abyss: that between what is said about Bosnia abroad and what is done—or rather not done—in situ.

TAKE, FOR EXAMPLE, THE WORD "Muslim": people here tell me that the big difference between Muslims, Croats and Serbs in unoccupied Bosnia is that Muslims don't go to mosques, Croats don't go to Catholic churches and Serbs don't frequent Orthodox churches. From the very beginning of the conflict, "Muslim" was the word used to describe people living here who are not Serb or Croat nationalists. There are two problems with this. First, although during the Ottoman rule some Slavs, Croats and Serbs in Bosnia converted to Islam, nowadays the Muslims here are mostly secular; the one occasion when Islamic tradition is always followed—sadly often—is at funerals. Yet nationalist Serb propaganda portrays these "Muslims" as fundamentalists, mujaheddins, or "Turks." Second, though the inhabitants of the territory still under the control of the Sarajevo government are predominantly secular Slavic Muslims, ethnic Serbs, ethnic Croats and people of other nationalities live here as well. But the Serbs label them all Muslims. Even the several hundred Jews remaining in Sarajevo are called "Muslims." (In the civil office in the center of the town, I was told that the percentage of mixed marriages has risen from 15 percent in 1992 to 21 percent in the first six months of this year.) These people refer to themselves as *bosnaci*, Bosnians, and this is a more ethnically correct definition. To refer to them as Muslims is to reinforce the claim about the existing separation of all ethnic groups and the need for the partition of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

ANOTHER ABUSED BIT OF VOCABulary is the ridiculous term "peace plan." In the Bosnian war the first "peace plan" was a project of cantonization, proposed and signed by the E.C. in March 1992 (a few days after Bosnia and Herzegovina held its referendum on independence), though without any knowledge about how the boundaries of each canton would be drawn. After this was rejected by Sarajevo, many U.N.-brokered and multilaterally broken cease-fires followed, and in January of this year came the late Vance-Owen peace plan. The Sarajevo government was reluctant to accept it but has finally been forced to sign it, only to find out that the international community had no intention of backing the plan by force, or otherwise putting it in place. So once the Serb nationalists rejected the plan in a sham referendum, its co-author Lord Owen quickly declared it "defunct." Next the U.N. declared the "safe havens" plan for Bosnia and Herzegovina, and again forced the Bosnians to accept it in spite of protests that it would mean "reservations" and "ghettos." Most recently the Sarajevo government has been forced to negotiate a blunt partition of the country, but at least this one is spared the nickname "peace plan."



"SAFE HAVENS" IS THE ABSURDITY of the year: they are neither safe nor havens. In May the United Nations labeled as safe havens six towns lying within the territories under the control of the Sarajevo government: Sarajevo, Tuzla, Srebrenica, Žepa, Goražde and Bihać. Of these only Tuzla is not under direct fire and four are small enclaves surrounded and besieged by Serb nationalist forces. Again the main question—how these zones were to be protected—was not addressed. What the U.N. made clear, however, is that these zones will be demilitarized. For the Bosnians inside the enclave it means putting down their weapons; for the surrounding Serbs it means pulling back from their positions. But nothing and nobody prevents the Serbs from pulling up again once the Bosnians have been disarmed. The U.N. forces will not intervene, because they cannot shoot unless shot at. If the Serbs take careful enough aim and avoid hitting the blue helmets, they can still thoroughly cleanse one enclave after another. Of course, the U.N. negotiates cease-fires for the demilitarization of these "safe havens," but fire doesn't stay ceased just because some papers have been signed.

"CEASE-FIRE" IS A PHRASE I learned very soon after coming here. People in Sarajevo warned me, "Be careful, there is a cease-fire," meaning don't lower your guard, don't be lulled. If it weren't tragic, it would be rather comical to hear of all the "cease-fire violations" listed at the daily briefings for journalists here. Once, when I was still new to this ritual, I asked Barry Frewer, the U.N. spokesman in Sarajevo, whether he meant that "the cease-fire is holding in spite of intensive fire." With a straight face he answered: "No, the cease-fire is holding in spite of *pockets* of intensive fire." Hmm. What's more, cease-fires (the U.N. military observers have lost count of them) often cannot be monitored, because the Serbs are busy violating them and do not let the blue helmets anywhere close to the war theater. Neither cease-fires nor "safe haven" status makes any difference to the Serb nationalists, who simply prevent the U.N. from delivering food to the enclaves and starve the besieged population to death. Unless, of course, the U.N. is ready to evacuate these people and thus effectively participate in "ethnic cleansing," which it is often forced to do as a lesser evil.

THE EMPTY WORDS THAT WESTern leaders use feebly in reference to Bosnia—"never again," "this will not stand," etc.—are made worse by empty gestures, which change nothing, but look good. Take the order for a "no-fly zone": it was imposed over Bosnia and Herzegovina last October, but it took half a year and almost 500 violations before the U.N. secretary general enforced the order. By then the Serb nationalists had captured a hefty 70 percent of Bosnia and Herzegovina and could drive smoothly over ground on this backyard of theirs. Dispatching 300 American soldiers to Macedonia, which is not a neighbor of Bosnia and where there is no war now, is very farsighted indeed, because it presumes that soon Serb forces will have finished their job cleansing here and can move on to their next task. Does this mean that the outside world has given up on Bosnians? It probably does, but I do not have the guts to tell it to my Sarajevan friends here. I avoid answering their questions about why America is not coming to their defense. I can avoid it; this is one of the advantages of not being the president of the United States.

ANNA HUSARSKA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To you, it's a satellite. To us, it's systems integration.

The United States' Milstar communications satellite is Lockheed's newest systems integration success. It will soon join the Navy's Fleet Ballistic Missile System, the Hubble Space Telescope, the F-117 stealth fighter, antisubmarine warfare systems, and thousands of advanced technology achievements that prove Lockheed's premier systems integration skills.

Lockheed leads in applying this capability to solving problems for civilian agencies and municipal and state governments. Our proven expertise in integration and operation of automated traffic management, environmental reporting, "smart" highways, parking management, and automated welfare and child support systems are the state of the art and make Lockheed the logical choice for all systems integration programs.

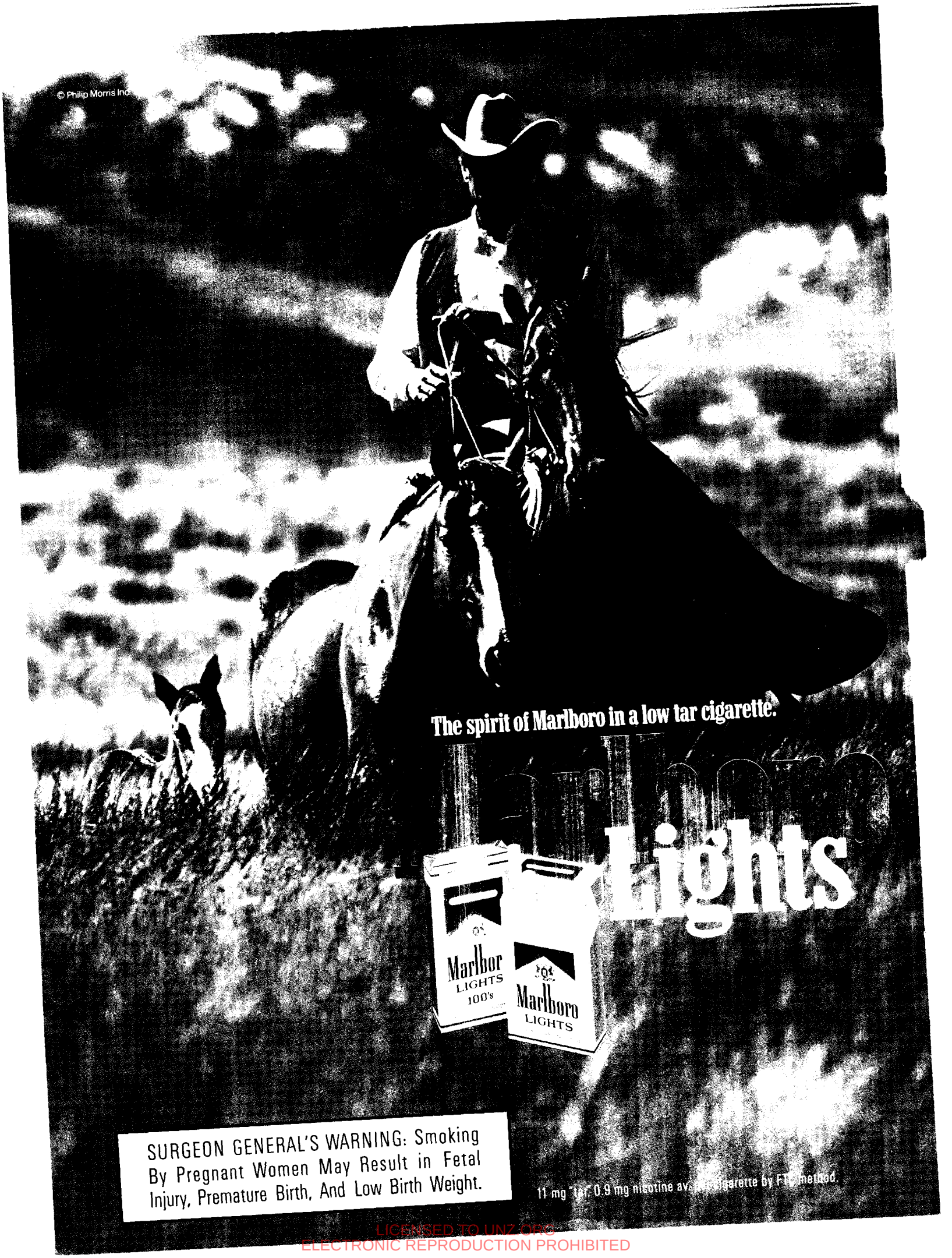
Systems integration is a capability that demands advanced technology as well as reliable and affordable solutions. It demands a premier aerospace company. It demands Lockheed.

Lockheed leads.

Lockheed

Watch NOVA on PBS, Tuesdays at 8 p.m.

LICENSED TO UMI/ProQuest
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


© Philip Morris Inc.
The spirit of Marlboro in a low tar cigarette.
Lights
Marlboro LIGHTS 100's
Marlboro LIGHTS
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.
11 mg "tar" 0.9 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED